

THE
CHACE.
A
POEM.

BY
William Somerville, Esq;

Nec tibi cura canum fuerit postrema.

VIRG. Georg. III.

*Romanis solenne viris opus, utile famæ,
Vitæque, & membris.*

HOR. Ep. XVIII. Lib. I.

THE THIRD EDITION.

L O N D O N,
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T H E
P R E F A C E.

THE Old and Infirm have at least this Privilege, that they can recall to their Minds those Scenes of Joy in which they once delighted, and ruminate over their past Pleasures, with a Satisfaction almost equal to the first Enjoyment. For those Ideas, to which any agreeable Sensation is annex'd, are easily excited; as leaving behind them the most strong and permanent Impressions. The Amusements of our Youth are the Boast and Comfort of our declining Years. The Ancients carried this Notion even yet further, and supposed their Heroes in the Elysian Fields were fond of the very same Diversions they exercised on Earth. Death it self could not wean them from the accusom'd Sports and Gayeties of Life.

THE PREFACE.

Pars in gramineis exercent membra palæstris,
Contendunt ludo, & fulvâ luctantur arenâ:
Pars pedibus plaudunt choreas, & carmina dicunt.
Arma procul currusque virûm miratur inanes.
Stant terrâ defixæ hastæ, passimque soluti
Per campos pascuntur equi. Quæ gratia currûm
Armorumque fuit vivis, quæ cura nitentes
Pascere equos, eadem sequitur tellure repôstos.

VIRG. Æneid. vi.

Part on the grassy Cirque their pliant Limbs
In Wrestling exercise, or on the Sands
Struggling dispute the Prize. Part lead the Ring,
Or swell the Chorus with alternate Lays.
The Chief their Arms admires, their empty Cars,
Their Lances fix'd in Earth. Th' unharnes'd
Steeds

Graze unrestrain'd; Horses, and Cars, and Arms,
All the same fond Desires, and pleasing Cares,
Still haunt their Shades, and after Death survive.

*I hope therefore I may be indulged (even by
the more grave and censorious Part of Man-
kind) if at my leisure Hours, I run over, in
my Elbow-Chair, some of those Chaces, which
were once the Delight of a more vigorous
Age.*

THE PREFACE.

Age. It is an entertaining, and (as I conceive) a very innocent Amusement. The Result of these rambling Imaginations will be found in the following Poem; which if equally diverting to my Readers, as to my self, I shall have gain'd my End. I have intermix'd the preceptive Parts with so many Descriptions and Digressions in the Georgick Manner, that I hope they will not be tedious. I am sure they are very necessary to be well understood by any Gentleman, who would enjoy this noble Sport in full Perfection. In this at least I may comfort my self, that I cannot trespass upon their Patience more than Markham, Blome, and the other Prose Writers upon this Subject.

IT is most certain, that Hunting was the Exercise of the greatest Heroes in Antiquity. By this they form'd themselves for War; and their Exploits against Wild Beasts were a Prelude to their future Victories. Xenophon says, that almost all the ancient Heroes, Nestor, Theseus, Castor, Pollux, Ulysses, Diomedes, Achilles, &c. were Μαθηταὶ Κυνηγεσιῶν, Disciples of Hunting; being taught

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taught carefully that Art, as what would be highly serviceable to them in military Discipline. Xen. Cynegetic. And Pliny observes, those who were design'd for great Captains, were first taught certare cum fugacibus feris cursu, cum audacibus robore, cum callidis astu: to contest with the swiftest Wild Beasts, in Speed; with the boldest, in Strength; with the most cunning, in Craft and Subtilty. Plin. Panegy. And the Roman Emperors, in those Monuments they erected to transmit their Actions to future Ages, made no scruple to join the Glories of the Chace to their most celebrated Triumphs. Neither were their Poets wanting to do Justice to this heroick Exercise. Beside that of Oppian in Greek, we have several Poems in Latin upon Hunting. Gratius was Contemporary with Ovid; as appears by this Verse,

Aptaque venanti Gratius arma dabit.

LIB. IV. PONT.

Gratius shall arm the Huntsman for the Chace.

But of his Works only some Fragments remain.

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main. There are many others of more modern Date. Amongst these Nemesianus, who seems very much superior to Grattius, tho' of a more degenerate Age. But only a Fragment of his first Book is preserv'd. We might indeed have expected to have seen it treated more at large by Virgil in his third Georgick, since it is expressly Part of his Subject. But he has favoured us only with ten Verses; and what he says of Dogs, relates wholly to Grey-hounds and Mastiffs.

Veloces Spartæ catulos, acremque Molossium.

GEOR. III.

The Greyhound swift, and Mastiff's furious Breed.

And he directs us to feed them with Butter-Milk. Pasce Sero pingui. He has, it is true, touch'd upon the Chace in the 4th and 7th Books of the Æneid. But it is evident, that the Art of Hunting is very different now, from what it was in his Days, and very much alter'd and improv'd in these latter Ages. It does not appear to me that the Ancients had any Notion of pursuing Wild Beasts by the Scent only, with a regular and

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well-disciplin'd Pack of Hounds; and therefore they must have pass'd for Poachers amongst our modern Sportsmen. The Muster Roll given us by Ovid, in his Story of Actæon is of all Sorts of Dogs, and of all Countries. And the Description of the ancient Hunting, as we find it in the Antiquities of Pere de Montfaucon taken from the Sepulchre of the Nafos, and the Arch of Constantine, has not the least Trace of the Manner now in Use.

WHENEVER the Ancients mention Dogs followed by the Scent, they mean no more than finding out the Game by the Nose of one single Dog. This was as much as they knew of the Odora canum vis. Thus Nemesianus says,

*Odorato noscunt vestigia prato,
Atque etiam leporum secreta cubilia monstrant,
They challenge on the Mead the recent Stains,
And trail the Hare unto her secret Form.*

*Oppian has a long Description of these Dogs in his first Book from Ver. 479 to 526. And
here,*

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here, tho' he seems to describe the Hunting of the Hare by the Scent thro' many Turnings and Windings; yet he really says no more, than that one of those Hounds, which he calls ἰχθυήσας, finds out the Game. For he follows the Scent no further than the Hare's Form; from whence, after he has started her, he pursues her by Sight. I am indebted for these two last Remarks to a reverend and very learned Gentleman, whose Judgment in the Belles Lettres no Body disputes, and whose Approbation gave me the Assurance to publish this Poem.

OPPIAN also observes, that the best Sort of these Finders were brought from Britain; this Island having always been famous (as it is at this Day) for the best Breed of Hounds, for Persons the best skill'd in the Art of Hunting, and for Horses the most enduring to follow the Chace. It is therefore strange that none of our Poets have yet thought it worth their while to treat of this Subject; which is without doubt very noble in itself, and very well adapted to receive the most beautiful Turns of Poetry. Perhaps our
Poets

THE PREFACE.

Poets have no great Genius for Hunting. Yet I hope, my Brethren of the Couples, by encouraging this first, but imperfect, Essay, will shew the World they have at least some Taste for Poetry.

THE Ancients esteem'd Hunting, not only as a manly and warlike Exercise, but as highly conducive to Health. The famous Galen recommends it above all others, as not only exercising the Body, but giving Delight and Entertainment to the Mind. And he calls the Inventors of this Art wise Men, and well skill'd in human Nature. Lib. de parvæ pilæ Exercitio.

THE Gentlemen, who are fond of a Gingle at the Close of every Verse, and think no Poem truly musical but what is in Rhime, will here find themselves disappointed. If they will be pleased to read over the short Preface before the Paradise Lost, Mr. Smith's Poem in Memory of his Friend Mr. John Philips, and the Archbishop of Cambray's Letter to Monsieur Fontenelle, they may probably be of another Opinion.
For

THE PREFACE.

For my own Part, I shall not be ashamed to follow the Example of Milton, Philips, Thomson, and all our best tragick Writers.

SOME few Terms of Art are dispers'd here and there; but such only as are absolutely requisite to explain my Subject. I hope in this the Criticks will excuse me; for I am humbly of Opinion, that the Affectation, and not the necessary Use, is the proper Object of their Censure.

BUT I have done. I know the Impatience of my Brethren, when a fine Day, and the Consort of the Kennel, invite them abroad. I shall therefore leave my Reader to such Diversion, as he may find in the Poem it self.

En age, Segnes,
Rumpe moras; vocat ingenti clamore Cithæron,
Taygetique canes, domitrixque Epidaurus equorum;

Et vox assensu nemorum ingeminata remugit.

VIRG. GEORG. III.

Hark,

THE PREFACE.

Hark, away,
Cast far behind the lingring Cares of Life.
Cithæron calls aloud, and in full Cry
Thy Hounds, *Taygetus*. *Epidaurus* trains
For us the gen'rous Steed; the Hunter's Shouts,
And chearing Cries, assenting Woods return.

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Of

T O

WILLIAM SOMERVILE, Esq;

On his POEM call'd

The C H A C E.

WHILE you, Sir, gain the Steep Ascent to
Fame,

And Honours due to deathless Merit claim;

To a weak Muse a kind Indulgence lend,

Fond with just Praise your Labours to commend,

And tell the World, that Somervile's her Friend.

Her Incense guiltless of the Forms of Art

Breaths all the Huntsman's Honesty of Heart;

Whose Fancy still the pleasing Scene retains

Of Edric's Villa, and Ardenna's Plains:

Joys,

*Joys, which from Change superiour Charms receiv'd,
The Horn hoarse sounding by the Lyre reliev'd:
When the Day crown'd with rural chaste Delight,
Requies obsequious to the festive Night;
The festive Night awakes th' harmonious Lay,
And in sweet Verse recounts the Triumphs of the Day.*

*Strange! that the British Muse should leave so long,
The Chace, the Sport of Britain's Kings, unsung!
Distinguish'd Land! by Heav'n indulg'd to breed
The stout, sagacious Hound, and gen'rous Steed;
In vain! while yet no Bard adorn'd our Isle,
To celebrate the glorious sylvan Toil.
For this what darling Son shall feel thy Fire,
God of th' unerring Bow, and tuneful Lyre?
Our Vows are heard——Attend, ye vocal Throng,
Somervile meditates th' advent'rous Song.*

Bold

*Bold to attempt, and happy to excell,
His num'rous Verse the Huntsman's Art shall tell.
From him, ye British Youths, a vig'rous Race,
Imbibe the various Science of the Chace;
And while the well-plan'd System you admire,
Know BRUNSWICK only could the Work inspire:
A Georgic Muse awaits AUGUSTAN Days,
And Somerviles will sing, when FREDERICS give
the Bays.*

JOHN NIXON.

T O

TO THE
AUTHOR
OF
The CHACE.

ONCE more, my Friend, I touch the trembling Lyre,

And in my Bosom feel poetick Fire.

For thee I quit the Law's more rugged Ways,

To pay my humble Tribute to thy Lays.

What, tho' I daily turn each learned Sage,

And labour thro' the unenlighten'd Page:

Wak'd by thy Lines, the borrow'd Flames I feel,

As Flints give Fire when aided by the Steel.

Tho'

Tho' in sulphureous Clouds of Smoak confin'd,
Thy rural Scenes spring fresh into my Mind.
Thy Genius in such Colours paints the Chace,
The real to fictitious Joys give Place.
When the wild Musick charms my ravish'd Ear,
How dull, how tasteless Handel's Notes appear!
Ev'n Farenelli's Self the Palm resigns,
He yields — but to the Musick of thy Lines.
If Friends to Poetry can yet be found;
Who without blushing Sense prefer to Sound;
Then let this soft, this Soul-ensfeebling Band,
These warbling Minstrels quit the beggar'd Land.
They but a momentary Joy impart,
'Tis you, who touch the Soul, and warm the Heart.
How tempting do thy sylvan Sports appear!
Ev'n wild Ambition might vouchsafe an Ear,
Might her fond Lust of Pow'r a while compose,
And gladly change it for thy sweet Repose.

No fierce, unruly Senates, threaten here,
No Axe, no Scaffold, to the View appear,
No Envy, Disappointment, and Despair.
Here, blest Vicissitude! whene'er you please,
You step from Exercise to learned Ease;
Turn o'er each Classick Page, each Beauty trace,
The Mind unwearied in the pleasing Chace.
Oh! would kind Heav'n such Happiness bestow,
Let Fools, let Knaves, be Masters here below.
Grandeur and Place, those Baits to catch the Wise,
And all their pageant Train, I pity and despise.

J. TRACY.

T H E

THE
CHACE.

A
POEM.

The ARGUMENT of the first Book.

THE Subject proposed. Address to his Royal Highness the Prince. The Origin of Hunting. The rude and unpolish'd Manner of the first Hunters. Beasts at first hunted for Food and Sacrifice. The Grant made by God to Man of the Beasts, &c. The regular Manner of Hunting first brought into this Island by the Normans. The best Hounds and best Horses bred here. The Advantage of this Exercise to us, as Islanders. Address to Gentlemen of Estates. Situation of the Kennel and its several Courts. The Diversion and Employment of Hounds in the Kennel. The different Sorts of Hounds for each different Chace. Description of a perfect Hound. Of sizing and sorting of Hounds, the middle-sized Hound recommended. Of the large deep-mouth'd Hound for hunting the Stag and Otter. Of the Lime Hound; their Use on the Borders of England and Scotland. A Physical Account of Scents. Of good and bad scenting Days. A short Admonition to my Brethren of the Couples.

THE

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THE
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A
POEM.

THE Chace I sing, Hounds, and their various Breed,

And no less various Use. O thou Great Prince!

Whom *Cambria's* tow'ring Hills proclaim their Lord,

Deign thou to hear my bold, instructive Song.

While grateful Citizens with pompous Shew, 5

Rear the triumphal Arch, rich with th' Exploits
Of thy illustrious House; while Virgins pave
Thy Way with Flow'rs, and, as the Royal Youth
Passing they view, admire, and sigh in vain;
While crowded Theatres, too fondly proud 10
Of their exotick Minstrels, and shrill Pipes,
The Price of Manhood, hail thee with a Song,
And Airs soft-warbling; my hoarse-founding Horn
Invites thee to the Chace, the Sport of Kings;
Image of War, without its Guilt. The Muse 15
Aloft on Wing shall soar, conduct with Care
Thy foaming Courser o'er the steepy Rock,
Or on the River Bank receive thee safe,
Light-bounding o'er the Wave, from Shore to Shore.
Be thou our great Protector, gracious Youth! 20
And if in future Times, some envious Prince,
Careless of Right and guileful, shou'd invade
Thy *Britain's* Commerce, or shou'd strive in vain

To

BOOK I. THE CHACE.

3

To wrest the Balance from thy equal Hand;
 Thy Hunter-Train, in chearful Green array'd, 25
 (A Band undaunted, and inur'd to Toils,
 Shall compass thee around, dye at thy Feet,
 Or hew thy Passage thro' th' embattled Foe,
 And clear thy Way to Fame; inspir'd by thee
 The nobler Chace of Glory shall pursue 30
 Thro' Fire, and Smoke, and Blood, and Fields of
 Death.

NATURE, in her Productions flow, aspires
 By just Degrees to reach Perfection's Height:
 So mimick Art works leisurely, 'till Time
 Improve the Piece, or wise Experience give 35
 The proper Finishing. When *Nimrod* bold,
 That mighty Hunter, first made War on Beasts,
 And stain'd the Wood-land Green with purple Dye,
 New, and unpolish'd was the Huntsman's Art;

No stated Rule, his wanton Will his Guide. 40

With Clubs and Stones, rude Implements of War,

He arm'd his savage Bands, a Multitude

Untrain'd; of twining Ofiers form'd, they pitch

Their artless Toiles, then range the desert Hills,

And scow'r the Plains below; the trembling Herd 45

Start at th'unusual Sound, and clam'rous Shout

Unhear'd before; surpriz'd alas! to find

Man now their Foe, whom erst they deem'd their

Lord,

But mild and gentle, and by whom as yet

Secure they graz'd. Death stretches o'er the Plain 50

Wide-wasting, and grim Slaughter red with Blood:

Urg'd on by Hunger keen, they wound, they kill,

Their Rage licentious knows no bound; at last

Incumber'd with their Spoils, joyful they bear

Upon their Shoulders broad, the bleeding Prey. 55

Part on their Altars smokes a Sacrifice

To

BOOK I. THE CHACE.

5

To that all-gracious Pow'r, whose bounteous Hand
 Supports his wide Creation ; what remains
 On living Coals they broil, inelegant
 Of Taste, nor skill'd as yet in nicer Arts 60
 Of pamper'd Luxury. Devotion pure,
 And strong Necessity, thus first began
 The Chace of Beasts: Tho' bloody was the Deed,
 Yet without Guilt. For the green Herb alone
 Unequal to sustain Man's lab'ring Race, 65
 * Now ev'ry moving Thing that liv'd on Earth
 Was granted him for Food. So just is Heav'n,
 To give us in Proportion to our Wants.

OR Chance or Industry in After-Times
 Some few Improvements made, but short as yet 70
 Of due Perfection. In this Isle remote
 Our painted Ancestors were slow to learn,

* Gen. chap. ix. ver. 3.

To

To Arms devote, of the politer Arts
 Nor skill'd nor studious; 'till from *Neustria's* Coasts
 Victorious *William*, to more decent Rules 75
 Subdu'd our *Saxon* Fathers, taught to speak
 The proper Dialect, with Horn and Voice
 To cheer the busy Hound, whose well-known Cry
 His list'ning Peers approve with joint Acclaim.
 From him successive Huntsmen learn'd to join 80
 In bloody social Leagues, the Multitude
 Dispers'd, to size, to sort their various Tribes,
 To rear, feed, hunt, and discipline the Pack.

HAIL, happy *Britain!* highly favour'd Isle,
 And Heav'n's peculiar Care! To thee 'tis giv'n 85
 To train the sprightly Steed, more fleet than those
 Begot by Winds, or the celestial Breed
 That bore the great *Pelides* thro' the Press
 Of Heroes arm'd, and broke their crowded Ranks;
 Which

BOOK I. THE CHACE.

7

Which proudly neighing, with the Sun begins 90

Chearful his Course; and e'er his Beams decline,

Has measur'd half thy Surface unfatigued.

In thee alone, fair Land of Liberty!

Is bred the perfect Hound, in Scent and Speed

As yet unrivall'd, while in other Climes 95

Their Virtue fails, a weak degen'rate Race.

In vain malignant Steams, and Winter Fogs

Load the dull Air, and hover round our Coasts,

The Huntsman ever gay, robust, and bold,

Defies the noxious Vapour, and confides 100

In this delightful Exercife, to raise

His drooping Herd, and cheer his Heart with Joy.

YE vig'rous Youths, by smiling Fortune blest

With large Demesnes, hereditary Wealth,

Heap'd copious by your wise Fore-Fathers Care, 105

Hear and attend! while I the Means reveal

T'enjoy

T'enjoy those Pleasures, for the Weak too strong,
Too costly for the Poor: To rein the Steed
Swift-stretching o'er the Plain, to chear the Pack
Op'ning in Conforts of harmonious Joy, 110
But breathing Death. What tho' the Gripe severe
Of brazen-fisted Time, and slow Disease
Creeping thro' ev'ry Vein, and Nerve unstrung,
Afflict my shatter'd Frame, undaunted still,
Fix'd as a Mountain Ash, that braves the Bolts 115
Of angry *Jove*; tho' blasted, yet unfallen;
Still can my Soul in Fancy's Mirrour view
Deeds glorious once, recal the joyous Scene
In all its Splendors deck'd, o'er the full Bowl
Recount my Triumphs past, urge others on 120
With Hand and Voice, and point the winding Way:
Pleas'd with that social sweet Garrulity,
The poor disbanded Vet'ran's sole Delight.

FIRST let the Kennel be the Huntsman's Care,
 Upon some little Eminence erect, 125
 And fronting to the ruddy Dawn; its Courts
 On either Hand wide op'ning to receive
 The Sun's all-chearing Beams, when mild he shines,
 And gilds the Mountain Tops. For much the Pack
 (Rous'd from their dark Alcoves) delight to stretch,
 And bask, in his invigorating Ray: 131
 Warn'd by the streaming Light, and merry Lark,
 Forth rush the jolly Clan; with tuneful Throats
 They carol loud, and in grand Chorus join'd
 Salute the new-born Day. For not alone 135
 The vegetable World, but Men and Brutes
 Own his reviving Influence, and joy
 At his Approach. Fountain of Light! if Chance
 Some envious Cloud veil thy refulgent Brow,
 In vain the Muses aid, untouch'd, unstrung, 140
 Lies

Lies my mute Harp, and thy desponding Bard
Sits darkly musing o'er th' unfinish'd Lay.

LET no *Corinthian* Pillars prop the Dome,
A vain Expence, on charitable Deeds
Better dispos'd, to cloath the tatter'd Wretch, 145
Who shrinks beneath the Blast, to feed the Poor
Pinch'd with afflictive Want: For Use, not State,
Gracefully plain, let each Apartment rise.
O'er all let Cleanliness preside, no Scraps
Bestrew the Pavement, and no half-pick'd Bones, 150
To kindle fierce Debate, or to disgust
That nicer Sense, on which the Sportsman's Hope,
And all his future Triumphs must depend.
Soon as the growling Pack with eager Joy
Have lapp'd their smoking Viands, Morn or Eve, 155
From the full Cistern lead the ductile Streams,
To wash thy Court well-pav'd, nor spare thy Pains,

For

For much to Health will Cleanliness avail.
 Seek'st thou for Hounds to climb the rocky Steep,
 And brush th'entangled Covert, whose nice Scent 160
 O'er greasy Fallows, and frequented Roads
 Can pick the dubious Way? Banish far off
 Each noisome Stench, let no offensive Smell
 Invade thy wide Inclosure, but admit
 The nitrous Air, and purifying Breeze. 165

WATER and Shade no less demand thy Care:
 In a large Square th'adjacent Field inclose,
 There plant in equal Ranks the spreading Elm,
 Or fragrant Lime; most happy thy Design,
 If at the Bottom of thy spacious Court, 170
 A large Canal fed by the crystal Brook,
 From its transparent Bosom shall reflect
 Thy downward Structure and inverted Grove.
 Here when the Sun's too potent Gleams annoy
 The

The crowded Kennel, and the drooping Pack 175
Restless and faint, loll their unmoisten'd Tongues,
And drop their feeble Tails; to cooler Shades
Lead forth the panting Tribe; soon shalt thou find
The cordial Breeze their fainting Hearts revive:
Tumultuous soon they plunge into the Stream, 180
There lave their reeking Sides, with greedy Joy
Gulp down the flying Wave, this Way and that
From Shore to Shore they swim, while Clamour
loud

And wild Uproar torments the troubled Flood:
Then on the sunny Bank they roll and stretch 185
Their dripping Limbs, or else in wanton Rings
Coursing around, pursuing and pursu'd,
The merry Multitude disporting play.

BUT here with watchful and observant Eye,
Attend their Frolicks, which too often end 190

In

In bloody Broils and Death. High o'er thy Head
Wave thy resounding Whip, and with a Voice
Fierce-menacing o'er-rule the stern Debate,
And quench their kindling Rage; for oft in Sport
Begun, Combat ensues, growling they snarl, 195
Then on their Haunches rear'd, rampant they seize
Each others Throats, with Teeth, and Claws, in
Gore

'Besmear'd, they wound, they tear, 'till on the
Ground,

Panting, half dead the conquer'd Champion lies:

Then sudden all the base ignoble Crowd 200

Loud-clam'ring seize the helpless worried Wretch,

And thirsting for his Blood, drag diff'rent Ways

His mangled Carcass on th'ensanguin'd Plain.

O Breasts of Pity void! t'oppress the Weak,

To point your Vengeance at the friendless Head, 205

And with one mutual Cry insult the Fall'n!
 Emblem too just of Man's degen'rate Race.

OTHERS apart by native Instinct led,
 Knowing Instructor! 'mong the ranker Grass
 Cull each salubrious Plant, with bitter Juice 210
 Concoctive stor'd, and potent to allay
 Each vitious Ferment. Thus the Hand divine
 Of Providence, beneficent and kind
 To all his Creatures, for the Brutes prescribes
 A ready Remedy, and is himself 215
 Their great Physician. Now grown stiff with Age,
 And many a painful Chace, the wise old Hound
 Regardless of the frolick Pack, attends
 His Master's Side, or slumbers at his Ease
 Beneath the bending Shade; there many a Ring 220
 Runs o're in Dreams; now on the doubtful Foil
 Puzzles perplex'd, or Doubles intricate

Cautious

Cautious unfolds, then wing'd with all his Speed,
 Bounds o'er the Lawn to feize his panting Prey:
 And in imperfect Whimp'rings speaks his Joy. 225

A diff'rent Hound for ev'ry diff'rent Chace
 Select with Judgment; nor the tim'rous Hare
 O'er-match'd destroy, but leave that vile Offence
 To the mean, murd'rous, coursing Crew; intent
 On Blood and Spoil. O blast their Hopes, just
 Heav'n! 230

And all their painful Drudgeries repay
 With Disappointment and severe Remorse.
 But husband thou thy Pleasures, and give Scope
 To all her subtle Play: By Nature led
 A thousand Shifts she tries; t'unravel these 235
 Th' industrious Beagle twists his waving Tail.
 Thro' all her Labyrinths pursues, and rings

Her doleful Knell. See there with Count'nance
blith,

And with a courtly grin, the fawning Hound
Salutes thee cow'ring, his wide op'ning Nose 240
Upward he curls, and his large Sloe-black Eyes
Melt in soft Blandishments, and humble Joy;
His glossy Skin, or Yellow-pied, or Blue,
In Lights or Shades by Nature's Pencil drawn,
Reflects the various Tints; his Ears and Legs 245
Fleck't here and there, in gay enamel'd Pride,
Rival the speckled Pard; his Rush-grown Tail
O'er his broad Back bends in an ample Arch;
On Shoulders clean, upright and firm he stands;
His round Cat Foot, strait Hams, and wide-spread
Thighs, 250

And his low-dropping Chest, confess his Speed,
His Strength, his Wind, or on the steepy Hill,
Or far extended Plain; in ev'ry Part

BOOK I. THE CHACE.

17

So well proportion'd, that the nicer Skill
 Of *Phidias* himself can't blame thy Choice. 255
 Of such compose thy Pack. But here a Mean
 Observe, nor the large Hound prefer, of Size
 Gigantick; he in the thick-woven Covert
 Painfully tugs, or in the thorny Brake
 Torn and embarrass'd bleeds: But if too small, 260
 The pigmy Brood in ev'ry Furrow swims;
 Moil'd in the clogging Clay, panting they lag
 Behind inglorious; or else shivering creep
 Benumb'd and faint beneath the shelt'ring Thorn.
 For Hounds of middle Size, active and strong,
 Will better answer all thy various Ends,
 And crown thy pleasing Labours with Success.

As some brave Captain, curious and exact,
 By his fix'd Standard forms in equal Ranks
 His gay Battalion, as one Man they move 270

Step after Step, their Size the fame, their Arms
Far-gleaming, dart the fame united Blaze:
Reviewing Generals his Merit own;
How regular! How just! And all his Cares
Are well repaid, if mighty GEORGE approve. 275
So model thou thy Pack, if Honour touch
Thy gen'rous Soul, and the World's just Applause.
But above all take heed, nor mix thy Hounds
Of diff'rent Kinds; discordant Sounds shall grate
Thy Ears offended, and a lagging Line 280
Of babling Curs disgrace thy broken Pack.
But if th'amphibious Otter be thy Chace,
Or stately Stag, that o'er the Woodland reigns;
Or if th'harmonious Thunder of the Field
Delight thy ravish'd Ears; the deep-flew'd Hound
Breed up with Care, strong, heavy, slow, but sure;
Whose Ears down-hanging from his thick round
Head

Shall

Shall sweep the Morning Dew, whose clanging
Voice

Awake the Mountain Echo in her Cell,

And shake the Forests: The bold Talbot Kind 290

Of these the Prime, as white as *Alpine* Snows;

And great their Use of old. Upon the Banks

Of *Tweed*, flow-winding thro' the Vale, the Seat

Of War and Rapine once, e'er *Britons* knew

The Sweets of Peace, or *Anna's* dread Com-
mands 295

To lasting Leagues the haughty Rivals aw'd,

There dwelt a pilf'ring Race; well-train'd and
skill'd

In all the Mysteries of Theft, the Spoil

Their only Substance, Feuds and War their Sport:

Not more expert in ev'ry fraudfull Art 300

Th' Arch * Felon was of old, who by the Tail

* Cacus Virg. *Æn.* Lib. VIII.

Drew back his lowing Prize: In vain his Wiles,
In vain the Shelter of the cov'ring Rock,
In vain the footy Cloud, and ruddy Flames
That issu'd from his Mouth; for soon he paid 305
His forfeit Life: A Debt how justly due
To wrong'd *Alcides*, and avenging Heav'n!
Veil'd in the Shades of Night they ford the Stream,
Then proling far and near, whate'er they seize
Becomes their Prey; nor Flocks nor Herds are
safe, 310
Nor Stalis protect the Steer, nor strong barr'd Doors
Secure the fav'rite Horse. Soon as the Morn
Reveals his Wrongs, with ghastly Visage wan
The plunder'd Owner stands, and from his Lips
A thousand thronging Curses burst their Way: 315
He calls his stout Allies, and in a Line
His faithful Hound he leads, then with a Voice
That utters loud his Rage, attentive cheers:

Soon

Soon the sagacious Brute, his curling Tail
 Flourish'd in Air, low-bending plies around 320
 His busy Nose, the steaming Vapour snuffs
 Inquisitive, nor leaves one Turf untried,
 'Till conscious of the recent Stains, his Heart
 Beats quick; his snuffling Nose, his active Tail
 Attest his Joy; then with deep op'ning Mouth 325
 That makes the Welkin tremble, he proclaims
 Th'audacious Felon; Foot by Foot he marks
 His winding Way, while all the list'ning Crowd
 Applaud his Reaf'nings. O'er the wat'ry Ford,
 Dry sandy Heaths, and stony barren Hills, 330
 O'er beaten Paths, with Men and Beasts distain'd,
 Unerring he pursues; till at the Cot
 Arriv'd, and seizing by his guilty Throat
 The Caitif vile, redeems the captive Prey:
 So exquisitely delicate his Sense! 335

SHOU'D some more curious Sportsman here en-
quire,

Whence this Sagacity, this wond'rous Pow'r
Of tracing Step by Step, or Man or Brute?
What Guide invifible points out their Way,
O'er the dank Marsh, bleak Hill, and fandy Plain?
The courteous Mufe fhall the dark Cause reveal.
The Blood that from the Heart incessant rolls
In many a crimfon Tide, then here and there
In fmaller Rills difparted, as it flows
Propell'd, the ferous Particles evade 345
Thro' th' open Pores, and with the ambient Air
Entangling mix. As fuming Vapours rife,
And hang upon the gently purling Brook,
There by th'incumbent Atmosphere comprefs'd.
The panting Chace grows warmer as he flies, 350
And thro' the Net-work of the Skin perfpires;

Leaves

BOOK I. THE CHACE.

23

Leaves a long-streaming Trail behind, which by
The cooler Air condens'd, remains, unless
By some rude Storm dispers'd, or rarified
By the Meridian's Sun's intenser Heat. 355

To ev'ry Shrub the warm Effluvia cling,
Hang on the Grass, impregnate Earth and Skies.
With Nostrils op'ning wide, o'er Hill, o'er Dale,
The vig'rous Hounds pursue, with ev'ry Breath
Inhale the grateful Steam, quick Pleasures sting 360
Their tingling Nerves, while they their Thanks
repay,

And in triumphant Melody confess
The titillating Joy. Thus on the Air
Depend the Hunter's Hopes. When ruddy Streaks
At Eve forebode a blust'ring stormy Day,
Or low'ring Clouds blacken the Mountain's Brow,
When nipping Frosts, and the keen biting Blasts
Of the dry parching East, menace the Trees

With

With tender Blossoms teeming, kindly spare
Thy sleeping Pack, in their warm Beds of Straw 370
Low-sinking at their Ease; listless they shrink
Into some dark Recess, nor hear thy Voice
Tho' oft invok'd; or haply if thy Call
Rouze up the slumb'ring Tribe, with heavy Eyes
Glaz'd, lifeless, dull, downward they drop their
Tails 375

Inverted; high on their bent Backs erect
Their pointed Bristles stare, or 'mong the Tufts
Of ranker Weeds, each Stomach-healing Plant
Curious they crop, sick, spiritless, forlorn.
These inauspicious Days, on other Cares 380
Employ thy precious Hours; th'improving Friend
With open Arms embrace, and from his Lips
Glean Science, season'd with good-natur'd Wit.
But if th'inclement Skies, and angry *Jove*
Forbid the pleasing Intercourse, thy Books 385

Invite

Invite thy ready Hand, each sacred Page
 Rich with the wise Remarks of Heroes old.
 Converſe familiar with th' illuſtrious Dead;
 With great Examples of old *Greece* or *Rome*
 Enlarge thy free-born Heart, and bleſs kind Heav'n,
 That *Britain* yet enjoys dear Liberty,
 That Balm of Life, that ſweeteſt Bleſſing, cheap
 Tho' purchas'd with our Blood. Well-bred, polite,
 Credit thy Calling. See! how mean, how low,
 The bookleſs fauntring Youth, proud of the Skut 395
 That dignifies his Cap, his flouriſh'd Belt,
 And ruſty Couples gingling by his Side.
 Be thou of other Mold; and know that ſuch
 Transporting Pleaſures, were by Heav'n ordain'd
 Wiſdom's Relief, and Virtue's great Reward. 400

The ARGUMENT of the Second Book.

OF the Power of Instinct in Brutes. Two remarkable Instances in the Hunting of the Roe-buck, and in the Hare going to Seat in the Morning. Of the Variety of Seats or Forms of the Hare, according to the Change of the Season, Weather or Wind. Description of the Hare-hunting in all its Parts, interspers'd with Rules to be observ'd by those who follow that Chace. Transition to the Asiatick Way of Hunting, particularly the magnificent Manner of the Great Mogul, and other Tartarian Princes, taken from Monsieur Bernier, and the History of Gengiskan the Great. Concludes with a short Reproof of Tyrants and Oppressors of Mankind.

BOOK

BOOK the Second.

NOR will it less delight th' attentive Sage
T'observe that Instinct, which unerring
guides

The brutal Race, which mimicks Reason's Lore
And oft transcends: Heav'n-taught the Roe-buck
swift

Loiters at Ease before the driving Pack, 5
And mocks their vain Pursuit, nor far he flies
But checks his Ardour, 'till the steaming Scent
That freshens on the Blade, provokes their Rage.
Urg'd to their Speed, his weak deluded Foes
Soon flag fatigued; strain'd to Excess each Nerve, 10
Each

Each slacken'd Sinew fails; they pant, they foam;
Then o'er the Lawn he bounds, o'er the high Hills
Stretches secure, and leaves the scatter'd Crowd
To puzzle in the distant Vale below.

'Tis Instinct that directs the jealous Hare 15
To chuse her soft Abode: With Step revers'd
She forms the doubling Maze; then, e'er the Morn
Peeps thro' the Clouds, leaps to her close Recess.

As wand'ring Shepherds on th' *Arabian* Plains
No settled Residence observe, but shift 20
Their moving Camp, now, on some cooler Hill
With Cedars crown'd, court the refreshing Breeze;
And then, below, where trickling Streams distill
From some penurious Source, their Thirst allay,
And feed their fainting Flocks: So the wise Hares 25
Oft quit their Seats, lest some more curious Eye

Shou'd

Shou'd mark their Haunts, and by dark treach'rous

Wiles

Plot their Destruction; or perchance in hopes

Of plenteous Forage, near the ranker Mead,

Or matted Blade, wary, and close they fit. 30

When Spring shines forth, Season of Love and Joy,

In the moist Marsh, 'mong Beds of Rushes hid,

They cool their boiling Blood: When Summer Suns

Bake the cleft Earth, to thick wide-waving Fields

Of Corn full-grown, they lead their helpless young:

But when autumnal Torrents, and fierce Rains 36

Deluge the Vale, in the dry crumbling Bank

Their Forms they delve, and cautiously avoid

The dripping Covert: Yet when Winter's Cold

Their Limbs benumbs, thither with Speed return'd

In the long Grass they skulk, or shrinking creep 41

Among the wither'd Leaves, thus changing still,

As Fancy prompts them, or as Food invites.

D

But

But ev'ry Season carefully observ'd,
Th'inconstant Winds, the fickle Element, 45
The wise experienc'd Huntsman soon may find
His subtle, various Game, nor waste in vain
His tedious Hours, 'till his impatient Hounds
With Disappointment vex'd, each springing Lark
Babbling pursue, far scatter'd o'er the Fields.

Now golden Autumn from her open Lap
Her fragrant Bounties show'rs; the Fields are thorn;
Inwardly smiling, the proud Farmer views
The rising Pyramids that grace his Yard,
And counts his large Increase; his Barns are stor'd, 55
And groaning Staddles bend beneath their Load.
All now is free as Air, and the gay Pack
In the rough bristly Stubbles range unblam'd;
No Widow's Tears o'erflow, no secret Curse
Swells in the Farmer's Breast, which his pale Lips 60

Trembling

Trembling conceal, by his fierce Landlord aw'd :

But courteous now he levels ev'ry Fence,

Joins in the common Cry, and hollows loud,

Charm'd with the rattling Thunder of the Field.

Oh bear me, some kind Pow'r invisible! 65

To that extended Lawn, where the gay Court

View the swift Racers, stretching to the Goal;

Games more renown'd, and a far nobler Train,

Than proud *Elean* Fields could boast of old.

Oh! were a *Theban* Lyre not wanting here, 70

And *Pindar's* Voice, to do their Merit right!

Or to those spacious Plains, where the strain'd Eye

In the wide Prospect lost, beholds at last

Sarum's proud Spire, that o'er the Hills ascends,

And pierces through the Clouds. Or to thy Downs, 75

Fair *Cotswold*, where the well-breath'd Beagle
climbs,

With matchless Speed, thy green aspiring Brow,
And leaves the lagging Multitude behind.

HAIL, gentle Dawn! Mild blushing Goddess, hail!
Rejoic'd I see thy purple Mantle spread 80
O'er half the Skies, Gems pave thy radiant Way,
And orient Pearls from ev'ry Shrub depend.
Farewel, *Cleora*; here deep sunk in Down
Slumber secure, with happy Dreams amus'd,
'Till grateful Steams shall tempt thee to receive 85
Thy early Meal, or thy officious Maids,
The Toilet plac'd, shall urge thee to perform
Th'important Work. Me other Joys invite,
The Horn sonorous calls, the Pack awak'd
Their Mattins chant, nor brook my long Delay. 90
My Courser hears their Voice; see there with Ears
And Tail erect, neighing he paws the Ground;
Fierce Rapture kindles in his red'ning Eyes,

And

BOOK II. THE CHACE.

33

And boils in ev'ry Vein. As captive Boys
 Cow'd by the ruling Rod, and haughty Frowns 95
 Of Pedagogues severe, from their hard Tasks
 If once dismiss'd, no Limits can contain
 The Tumult rais'd, within their little Breasts,
 But give a Loose to all their frolick Play:
 So from their Kennel rush the joyous Pack; 100
 A thousand wanton Gayeties express
 Their inward Extasy, their pleasing Sport
 Once more indulg'd, and Liberty restor'd.
 The rising Sun that o'er th'Horizon peeps,
 As many Colours from their glossy Skins 105
 Beaming reflects, as paint the various Bow
 When *April* Show'rs descend. Delightful Scene!
 Where all around is gay, Men, Horses, Dogs,
 And in each smiling Countenance appears
 Fresh-blooming Health, and universal Joy. 110

HUNTSMAN, lead on! behind the clust'ring Pack
Submits attend, hear with respect thy Whip
Loud-clanging, and thy harsher Voice obey:
Spare not the straggling Cur, that wildly roves;
But let thy brisk Assistant on his Back 115
Imprint thy just Resentments; let each Lash
Bite to the Quick, 'till howling he return
And whining creep amid the trembling Crowd.

HERE on this verdant Spot, where Nature kind,
With double Blessings crowns the Farmer's Hopes;
Where Flow'rs autumnal Spring, and the rank
Mead

Affords the wand'ring Hares a rich Repast;
Throw off thy ready Pack. See, where they spread
And range around, and dash the glitt'ring Dew.
If some staunch Hound, with his authentick Voice,

Avow the recent Trail, the justling Tribe
 Attend his Call, then with one mutual Cry,
 The welcome News confirm, and echoing Hills
 Repeat the pleasing Tale. See how they thread
 The Brakes, and up yon Furrow drive along! 130
 But quick they back recoil, and wisely check
 Their eager Haste; then o'er the fallow'd Ground
 How leisurely they work, and many a Pause
 Th'harmonious Confort breaks; 'till more assur'd
 With Joy redoubled the low Vallies ring. 135
 What artful Labyrinths perplex their Way!
 Ah! there she lies; how close! she pants, she doubts
 If now she lives; she trembles as she sits,
 With Horror seiz'd. The wither'd Grass that clings
 Around her Head, of the same russet Hue 140
 Almost deceiv'd my Sight, had not her Eyes
 With Life full-beaming her vain Wiles betray'd.
 At Distance draw thy Pack, let all be hush'd,

No Clamour loud, no frantick Joy be heard,
Left the wild Hound run gadding o'er the Plain 145
Untractable, nor hear thy chiding Voice.
Now gently put her off; see how direct
To her known Muse she flies! Here, Huntsman, bring
(But without hurry) all thy jolly Hounds,
And calmly lay them in. How low they stoop, 150
And seem to plough the Ground! then all at once
With greedy Nostrils snuff the fuming Steam
That glads their flutt'ring Hearts. As Winds let loose
From the dark Caverns of the blust'ring God,
They burst away, and sweep the dewy Lawn. 155
Hope gives them Wings, while she's spur'd on by
Fear.

The Welkin rings, Men, Dogs, Hills, Rocks, and
Woods

In the full Confort join. Now, my brave Youths,
Stripp'd for the Chace, give all your Souls to Joy!

See

See how their Courfers, than the Mountain Roe 160
More fleet, the verdant Carpet skim, thick Clouds
Snorting they breath, their shining Hoofs scarce
print

The Grass unbruised; with Emulation fir'd
They strain to lead the Field, top the barr'd Gate,
O'er the deep Ditch exulting bound, and brush 165
The thorny-twining Hedge: The Riders bend
O'er their arch'd Necks; with steady Hands, by
turns

Indulge their Speed, or moderate their Rage.
Where are their Sorrows, Disappointments, Wrongs,
Vexations, Sickness, Cares? All, all are gone, 170
And with the panting Winds lag far behind.

HUNTSMAN! her Gate observe, if in wide Rings
She wheel her mazy Way, in the same Round
Persisting still, she'll foil the beaten Track.

But

But if she fly, and with the fav'ring Wind 175
 Urge her bold Course; less intricate thy Task:
 Push on thy Pack. Like some poor exil'd Wretch
 The frighted Chace leaves her late dear Abodes,
 O'er Plains remote she stretches far away,
 Ah! never to return! For greedy Death 180
 Hov'ring exults, secure to seize his Prey.

HARK! from yon Covert, where those tow'ring
 Oaks

Above the humble Copse aspiring rise,
 What glorious Triumphs burst in ev'ry Gale
 Upon our ravish'd Ears! The Hunters shout, 185
 The clanging Horns swell their sweet-winding Notes,
 The Pack wide-op'ning load the trembling Air
 With various Melody; from Tree to Tree
 The propagated Cry, redoubling bounds,
 And winged Zephyrs waft the floating Joy 190
 Thro'

Thro' all the Regions near: Afflictive Birch
No more the School-boy dreads, his Prison broke,
Scamp'ring he flies, nor heeds his Master's Call;
The weary Traveller forgets his Road,
And climbs th' adjacent Hill; the Ploughman leaves
Th' unfinish'd Furrow; nor his bleating Flocks 196
Are now the Shepherd's Joy; Men, Boys, and Girls
Desert th' unpeopled Village; and wild Crowds
Spread o'er the Plain, by the sweet Frenzy seiz'd.
Look, how she pants! and o'er yon op'ning Glade
Slips glancing by; while, at the further End, 201
The puzzling Pack unravel Wile by Wile
Maze within Maze. The Covert's utmost Bound
Slily she skirts; behind them cautious creeps,
And in that very Track, so lately stain'd 205
By all the steaming Crowd, seems to pursue
The Foe she flies. Let Cavillers deny
That Brutes have Reason; sure 'tis something more,
'Tis

'Tis Heav'n directs, and Stratagems inspires,
Beyond the short Extent of human Thought. 210
But hold —— I see her from the Covert break;
Sad on yon little Eminence she sits;
Intent she listens with one Ear erect,
Pond'ring, and doubtful what new Course to take,
And how t'escape the fierce blood-thirsty Crew, 215
That still urge on, and still in Volleys loud,
Insult her Woes, and mock her fore Distress.
As now in louder Peals, the loaded Winds
Bring on the gath'ring Storm, her Fears prevail;
And o'er the Plain, and o'er the Mountain's Ridge,
Away she flies; nor Ships with Wind and Tide,
And all their Canvas Wings skud half so fast.
Once more, ye jovial Train, your Courage try,
And each clean Courser's Speed. We scour along,
In pleasing Hurry and Confusion tost;
Oblivion to be wish'd. The patient Pack

Hang on the Scent unwear'd, up they climb,
And ardent we pursue; our lab'ring Steeds
We press, we gore; till once the Summit gain'd,
Painfully panting, there we breath awhile; 230
Then like a foaming Torrent, pouring down
Precipitant, we smoke along the Vale.
Happy the Man, who with unrival'd Speed
Can pass his Fellows, and with Pleasure view
The struggling Pack; how in the rapid Course 235
Alternate they preside, and jostling push
To guide the dubious Scent; how giddy Youth
Oft babbling errs, by wiser Age reprov'd;
How niggard of his Strength, the wise old Hound
Hangs in the Rear, 'till some important Point 240
Rouse all his Diligence, or 'till the Chace
Sinking he finds; then to the Head he springs
With Thirst of Glory fir'd, and wins the Prize.
Huntsman, take heed; they stop in full career.

Yon

Yon crowding Flocks, that at a Distance gaze, 245
 Have haply foil'd the Turf. See! that old Hound,
 How busily he works, but dares not trust
 His doubtful Sense; draw yet a wider Ring.
 Hark! now again the Chorus fills. As Bells
 Sally'd a while at once their Peal renew, 250
 And high in Air the tuneful Thunder rolls.
 See, how they tofs, with animated Rage
 Recov'ring all they lost! — That eager Haste
 Some doubling Wile foreshews. — Ah! yet once
 more
 They're check'd, — hold back with Speed — on
 either Hand 255
 They flourish round — ev'n yet persist — 'Tis
 right,
 Away they spring; the rustling Stubbles bend
 Beneath the driving Storm. Now the poor Chace
 Begins to flag, to her last Shifts reduc'd.

From

From Brake to Brake she flies, and visits all 260

Her well-known Haunts, where once she rang'd
secure,

With Love and Plenty blest. See! there she goes,

She reels along, and by her Gate betrays

Her inward Weakness. See, how black she looks!

The Sweat that clogs th' obstructed Pores, scarce
leaves 265

A languid Scent. And now in open View

See, see, she flies! each eager Hound exerts

His utmost Speed, and stretches ev'ry Nerve.

How quick she turns! their gaping Jaws eludes,

And yet a Moment lives; 'till round inclos'd 270

By all the greedy Pack, with infant Screams

She yields her Breath, and there reluctant dies.

So when the furious *Bacchanals* assail'd

Threician Orpheus, poor ill-fated Bard!

Loud

Loud was the Cry, Hills, Woods, and *Hebrus'*
Banks, 275

Return'd their clam'rous Rage; distress'd he flies,
Shifting from Place to Place, but flies in vain;
For eager they pursue, 'till panting, faint,
By noisy Multitudes o'erpower'd, he sinks,
To the relentless Crowd a bleeding Prey. 280

THE Huntsman now, a deep Incision made,
Shakes out with Hands impure, and dashes down
Her reeking Entrails, and yet quiv'ring Heart.
These claim the Pack, the bloody Perquisite
For all their Toils. Stretch'd on the Ground she
lies, 285

A mangled Coarse; in her dim glaring Eyes
Cold Death exults, and stiffens ev'ry Limb.
Aw'd by the threat'ning Whip, the furious Hounds
Around her Bay; or at their Master's Foot,

Each

Each happy Fav'rite courts his kind Applause, 290

With humble Adulation cowering low.

All now is Joy. With Cheeks full-blown they
wind

Her solemn Dirge, while the loud-op'ning Pack

The Concert swell, and Hills and Dales return

The sadly-pleasing Sounds. Thus the poor Hare, 295

A puny, dastard Animal, but vers'd

In subtle Wiles, diverts the youthful Train.

But if thy proud, aspiring Soul disdains

So mean a Prey, delighted with the Pomp,

Magnificence and Grandeur of the Chace; 300

Hear what the Muse from faithful Records sings.

WHY on the Banks of *Gemna*, *Indian* Stream,

Line within Line, rise the Pavilions proud,

Their silken Streamers waving in the Wind?

E

Why

Why neighs the warrior Horse? From Tent to
Tent, 305

Why press in Crowds the buzzing Multitude?

Why shines the polish'd Helm, and pointed Lance,
This Way and that far-beaming o'er the Plain?

Nor *Visapour* nor *Golconda* rebel;

Nor the great Sophy, with his num'rous Host 310

Lays waste the Provinces; nor Glory fires

To rob, and to destroy, beneath the Name

And specious Guise of War. A nobler Cause

Calls *Aurengzebe* to Arms. No Cities sack'd,

No Mother's Tears, no helpless Orphan's Cries, 315

No violated Leagues, with sharp Remorse

Shall sting the conscious Victor: But Mankind

Shall hail him good and just. For 'tis on Beasts

He draws his vengeful Sword; on Beasts of Prey

Full-fed with humane Gore. See, see, he comes! 320

Imperial *Debli* op'ning wide her Gates,

Pours

Pours out her thronging Legions, bright in Arms,
And all the Pomp of War. Before them sound
Clarions and Trumpets, breathing martial Airs,
And bold Defiance. High upon his Throne, 325
Born on the Back of his proud Elephant,
Sits the great Chief of *Tamur's* glorious Race:
Sublime he fits, amid the radiant Blaze
Of Gems and Gold. *Omrahs* about him crowd,
And rein th' *Arabian* Steed, and watch his Nod: 330
And potent *Rajabs*, who themselves preside
O'er Realms of wide Extent; but here submit
Their Homage pay, alternate Kings and Slaves.
Next these with prying Eunuchs girt around,
The fair Sultanas of his Court; a Troop 335
Of chosen Beauties, but with Care conceal'd
From each intrusive Eye; one Look is Death.
Ah cruel *Eastern* Law! (had Kings a Pow'r
But equal to their wild tyrannick Will)

To rob us of the Sun's all-chearing Ray, 340
 Were less severe. The Vulgar close the March,
 Slaves and Artificers; and *Debli* mourns
 Her empty and depopulated Streets.
 Now at the Camp arriv'd, with stern Review,
 Thro' Groves of Spears, from File to File, he darts
 His sharp experienc'd Eye; their Order marks, 346
 Each in his Station rang'd, exact and firm,
 'Till in the boundless Line his Sight is lost.
 Not greater Multitudes in Arms appear'd,
 On these extended Plains, when *Ammon's* Son 350
 With mighty *Porus* in dread Battle join'd,
 The Vassal World the Prize. Nor was that Host
 More numerous of old, which the great * King
 Pour'd out on *Greece* from all th'unpeopled East;
 That bridg'd the *Hellepont* from Shore to Shore, 355
 And drank the Rivers dry. Mean while in Troops

* *Xerxes*.

The busy Hunter-Train mark out the Ground,
A wide Circumference; full many a League
In Compass round; Woods, Rivers, Hills, and
Plains,
Large Provinces; enough to gratify 360
Ambition's highest Aim, could Reason bound
Man's erring Will. Now sit in close Divan
The mighty Chiefs of this prodigious Host.
He from the Throne high-eminent presides,
Gives out his Mandates proud, Laws of the Chace,
From ancient Records drawn. With Rev'rence low,
And prostrate at his Feet, the Chiefs receive
His irreversible Decrees, from which
To vary, is to die. Then his brave Bands
Each to his Station leads; encamping round, 370
'Till the wide Circle is compleatly form'd.
Where decent Order reigns, what these command,
Those execute with Speed, and punctual Care;

In all the strictest Discipline of War:

As if some watchful Foe, with bold Insult 373

Hung low'ring o'er their Camp. The high Resolve,

That flies on Wings, thro' all th'encircling Line,

Each Motion steers, and animates the whole.

So by the Sun's attractive Pow'r controll'd,

The Planets in their Spheres roll round his Orb, 380

On all he shines, and rules the great Machine.

E'ER yet the Morn dispels the fleeting Mists,

The Signal giv'n by the loud Trumpet's Voice,

Now high in Air, th'Imperial Standard waves,

Emblazon'd rich with Gold, and glitt'ring Gems;

And like a Sheet of Fire, thro' the dun Gloom 386

Streaming meteorous. The Soldiers Shouts,

And all the brazen Instruments of War,

With mutual Clamour, and united Din,

Fill the large Concave. While from Camp to
Camp, 390

They catch the varied Sounds, floating in Air.

Round all the wide Circumference, Tygers fell

Shrink at the Noise, deep in his gloomy Den

The Lion starts, and Morfels yet unchew'd

Drop from his trembling Jaws. Now all at once 395

Onward they march embattled, to the Sound

Of martial Harmony; Fifes, Cornets, Drums,

That rouse the sleepy Soul to Arms, and bold

Heroick Deeds. In Parties here and there

Detach'd o'er Hill and Dale, the Hunters range 400

Inquisitive; strong Dogs that match in Fight

The boldest Brute, around their Masters wait,

A faithful Guard. No Haunt unsearch'd, they drive

From ev'ry Covert, and from ev'ry Den,

The lurking Savages. Incessant Shouts 405

Re-echo thro' the Woods, and kindling Fire

Gleam from the Mountain Tops; the Forest seems
 One mingling Blaze: Like Flocks of Sheep they fly
 Before the flaming Brand: Fierce Lions, Pards,
 Boars, Tygers, Bears, and Wolves; a dreadful
 Crew 410

Of grim blood-thirsty Foes: growling along,
 They stalk indignant; but fierce Vengeance still
 Hangs pealing on their Rear, and pointed Spears
 Present immediate Death. Soon as the Night
 Wrapt in her fable Veil forbids the Chace, 415
 They pitch their Tents, in even Ranks, around
 The circling Camp. The Guards are plac'd, and
 Fires

At proper Distances ascending rise,
 And paint th'Horizon with their ruddy Light.
 So round some Island's Shore of large Extent, 420
 Amid the gloomy Horrors of the Night,
 The Billows breaking on the pointed Rocks,

Seem

Seem all one Flame, and the bright Circuit wide
Appears a Bulwark of furrounding Fire.

What dreadful Howlings, and what hideous Roar, 425
Disturb those peaceful Shades! where erst the Bird
That glads the Night, had chear'd the list'ning
Groves

With sweet Complaining. Thro' the silent Gloom
Oft they the Guards assail; as oft repell'd

They fly reluctant, with hot-boiling Rage 430

Stung to the Quick, and mad with wild Despair.

Thus Day by Day, they still the Chace renew;

At Night encamp; 'till now in streighter Bounds

The Circle lessens, and the Beasts perceive

The Wall that hems them in on ev'ry Side, 435

And now their Fury bursts, and knows no Mean;

From Man they turn, and point their ill-judg'd Rage

Against their fellow Brutes. With Teeth and Claws

The Civil War begins; grappling they tear.

Lions on Tygers prey, and Bears on Wolves: 440

Horrible Discord! 'Till the Crowd behind

Shouting pursue, and part the bloody Fray.

At once their Wrath subsides; tame as the Lamb

The Lion hangs his Head, the furious Pard,

Cow'd and subdu'd, flies from the Face of Man, 445

Nor bears one Glance of his commanding Eye.

So abject is a Tyrant in Distress.

At last within the narrow Plain confin'd,

A lifted Field, mark'd out for bloody Deeds,

An Amphitheatre more glorious far 450

Than ancient *Rome* cou'd boast, they crowd in heaps,

Dismay'd, and quite appall'd. In meet Array

Sheath'd in refulgent Arms, a noble Band

Advance; great Lords of high imperial Blood,

Early resolv'd t'assert their Royal Race, 455

And prove by glorious Deeds their Valour's Growth

Mature,

Mature, e'er yet the callow Down has spread
Its curling Shade. On bold *Arabian* Steeds
With decent Pride they sit, that fearless hear
The Lion's dreadful Roar ; and down the Rock 460
Swift-shooting plunge, or o'er the Mountain's Ridge
Stretching along, the greedy Tyger leave
Panting behind. On Foot their faithful Slaves
With Javelins arm'd attend ; each watchful Eye
Fix'd on his youthful Care, for him alone 465
He fears, and to redeem his Life, unmov'd
Wou'd lose his own. The mighty *Aurengzebe*,
From his high-elevated Throne, beholds
His blooming Race ; revolving in his Mind
What once he was, in his gay Spring of Life, 470
When Vigour strung his Nerves. Parental Joy
Melts in his Eyes, and flushes in his Cheeks.
Now the loud Trumpet sounds a Charge. The Shouts
Of eager Hosts, thro' all the circling Line,

And

And the wild Howlings of the Beasts within 475
Rend wide the Welkin, Flights of Arrows, wing'd
With Death, and Javelins lanc'd from ev'ry Arm,
Gall fore the brutal Bands, with many a Wound
Gor'd thro' and thro'. Despair at last prevails,
When fainting Nature shrinks, and rouses all 480
Their drooping Courage. Swell'd with furious Rage,
Their Eyes dart Fire; and on the youthful Band
They rush implacable. They their broad Shields
Quick interpose; on each devoted Head
Their flaming Falchions, as the Bolts of *Jove*, 485
Descend unerring. Prostrate on the Ground
The grinning Monsters lye, and their foul Gore
Defiles the verdant Plain. Nor idle stand
The trusty Slaves; with pointed Spears they pierce
Thro' their tough Hides; or at their gaping Mouths
An easier Passage find. The King of Brutes
In broken Roarings breaths his last; the Bear

Grumbles in Death; nor can his spotted Skin,
 Tho' slick it shine, with varied Beauties gay,
 Save the proud Pard from unrelenting Fate. 495

The Battle bleeds, grim Slaughter strides along,
 Glutting her greedy Jaws, grins o'er her Prey.
 Men, Horses, Dogs, fierce Beasts of ev'ry kind,
 A strange promiscuous Carnage, drench'd in Blood,
 And Heaps on Heaps amass'd. What yet remain 500
 Alive, with vain Assault contend to break

Th' impenetrable Line. Others, whom Fear
 Inspires with self-preserving Wiles, beneath
 The Bodies of the Slain for Shelter creep.
 Aghast they fly, or hide their Heads dispers'd. 505
 And now perchance (had Heav'n but pleas'd) the
 Work

Of Death had been compleat; and *Aurengzebe*
 By one dread Frown extinguish'd half their Race.
 When lo! the bright Sultanas of his Court

Appear

Appear, and to his ravish'd Eyes display 510
 Those Charms, but rarely to the Day reveal'd.

LOWLY they bend, and humbly sue, to save
 The vanquish'd Host. What Mortal can deny
 When suppliant Beauty begs? At his Command
 Op'ning to Right and Left, the well-train'd Troops
 Leave a large Void for their retreating Foes.
 Away they fly, on Wings of Fear upborn,
 To seek on distant Hills their late Abodes.

YE proud Oppressors, whose vain Hearts exult
 In Wantonness of Pow'r, 'gainst the brute Race, 520
 Fierce Robbers like your selves, a guiltless War
 Wage uncontroll'd: Here quench your Thirst of
 Blood ;
 But learn from *Aurengzebe* to spare Mankind.

The ARGUMENT of the Third Book.

OF King Edgar and his imposing a Tribute of Wolves Heads upon the Kings of Wales: From hence a Transition to Fox-Hunting, which is described in all its Parts. Censure of an over-numerous Pack. Of the several Engines to destroy Foxes, and other Wild Beasts. The Steel-Trap described, and the Manner of using it. Description of the Pitfall for the Lion; and another for the Elephant. The ancient Way of Hunting the Tyger with a Mirror. The Arabian Manner of Hunting the Wild Boar. Description of the Royal Stag-Chace at Windsor Forest. Concludes with an Address to his Majesty, and an Eulogy upon Mercy.

BOOK

BOOK the Third.

IN *Albion's* Isle when glorious *Edgar* reign'd.
 He wisely provident, from her white Cliffs
 Launch'd half her Forests, and with num'rous
 Fleets

Cover'd his wide Domain: There proudly rode
 Lord of the Deep, the great Prerogative 5
 Of *British* Monarchs. Each Invader bold,
Dane and *Norwegian*, at a Distance gaz'd,
 And disappointed, gnash'd his Teeth in vain.
 He scour'd the Seas, and to remotest Shores
 With swelling Sails the trembling Corfair fled. 10
 Rich Commerce flourish'd; and with busy Oars

Dash'd

BOOK III. THE CHACE. 61

Dash'd the resounding Surge. Nor less at Land
His royal Cares; wise, potent, gracious Prince!
His Subjects from their cruel Foes he sav'd,
And from rapacious Savages their Flocks. 15
Cambria's proud Kings (tho' with Reluctance) paid
Their tributary Wolves; Head after Head,
In full Account, 'till the Woods yield no more,
And all the rav'nous Race extinct is lost.
In fertile Pastures, more securely graz'd 20
The social Troops; and soon their large Increase
With curling Fleeces whiten'd all the Plains.
But yet alas! the wily Fox remain'd,
A subtle, pilf'ring Foe, proling around
In Midnight Shades, and wakeful to destroy. 25
In the full Fold, the poor defenceless Lamb,
Seiz'd by his guileful Arts, with sweet warm Blood
Supplies a rich Repast. The mournful Ewe,
Her dearest Treasure lost, thro' the dun Night

Wanders perplex'd, and darkling bleats in vain: 30
While in th'adjacent Bush, poor *Philomel*,
(Her self a Parent once, 'till wanton Churls
Despoil'd her Nest) joins in her loud Laments,
With sweeter Notes, and more melodious Woe.

For these nocturnal Thieves, Huntsman, prepare
Thy sharpest Vengeance. Oh! how glorious 'tis 36
To right th'oppress'd, and bring the Felon vile
To just Disgrace! E'er yet the Morning peep,
Or Stars retire from the first Blush of Day,
With thy far echoing Voice alarm thy Pack, 40
And rouse thy bold Compeers. Then to the Copse,
Thick with entangling Grass, or prickly Furze
With Silence lead thy many-colour'd Hounds,
In all their Beauty's Pride. See! how they range
Dispers'd, how busily this Way and that, 45
They cross, examining with curious Nose

Each

Each likely Haunt. Hark! on the Drag I hear
 Their doubtful Notes, preluding to a Cry
 More nobly full, and swell'd with ev'ry Mouth.
 As straggling Armies, at the Trumpet's Voice, 50
 Press to their Standard; hither all repair,
 And hurry thro' the Woods; with hasty Step
 Rustling, and full of Hope; now driv'n on Heaps
 They push, they strive; while from his Kennel
 sneaks
 The conscious Villain. See! he skulks along, 55
 Slick at the Shepherd's Cost, and plump with Meals
 Purloin'd. So thrive the Wicked here below.
 Tho' high his Brush he bear, tho' tipt with white
 It gaily shine; yet e're the Sun declin'd
 Recall the Shades of Night, the pamper'd Rogue 60
 Shall rue his Fate revers'd; and at his Heels
 Behold the just Avenger, swift to seize
 His forfeit Head, and thirsting for his Blood.

HEAVENS! what melodious Strains! how beat
our Hearts

Big with tumultuous Joy! the loaded Gales 65
Breath Harmony; and as the Tempest drives
From Wood to Wood, thro' ev'ry dark Recefs
The Forest thunders, and the Mountains shake.
The Chorus fwells; lefs various, and lefs sweet
The trilling Notes, when in thofe very Groves, 70
The feather'd Chorifters falute the Spring,
And ev'ry Bush in Confort joins; or when
The Master's Hand, in modulated Air,
Bids the loud Organ breath, and all the Pow'rs
Of Mufick in one Inftrument combine,
An univerfal Minftrelfy. And now
In vain each Earth he tries, the Doors are barr'd
Impregnable, nor is the Covert fafe;
He pants for purer Air. Hark! what loud Shouts

Re-echo

BOOK III. THE CHACE.

65

Re-echo thro' the Groves! he breaks away, 80
 Shrill Horns proclaim his Flight. Each straggling
 Hound

Strains o'er the Lawn to reach the distant Pack.

'Tis Triumph all and Joy. Now, my brave Youths,
 Now give a loose to the clean gen'rous Steed;
 Flourish the Whip, nor spare the galling Spur; 85
 But in the Madness of Delight, forget

Your Fears. Far o'er the rocky Hills we range,
 And dangerous our Course; but in the Brave
 True Courage never fails. In vain the Stream
 In foaming Eddies whirls; in vain the Ditch 90
 Wide-gaping threatens Death. The craggy Steep
 Where the poor dizzy Shepherd crawls with Care,
 And clings to ev'ry Twig, gives us no Pain;
 But down we sweep, as stoops the Falcon bold
 To pounce his Prey. Then up th'opponent Hill, 95
 By the swift Motion slung, we mount aloft

So Ships in Winter-Seas now sliding sink
 Adown the steepy Wave, then tofs'd on high
 Ride on the Billows, and defy the Storm.

WHAT Lengths we pass! where will the wan-
 d'ring Chace 100

Lead us bewilder'd! smooth as Swallows skim
 The new-shorn Mead, and far more swift we fly.
 See my brave Pack; how to the Head they press,
 Justling in close Array, then more diffuse 104
 Obliquely wheel, while from their op'ning Mouths
 The vollied Thunder breaks. So when the Cranes
 Their annual Voyage steer, with wanton Wing
 Their Figure oft they change, and their loud Clang
 From Cloud to Cloud rebounds. How far behind
 The Hunter-Crew, wide-straggling o'er the Plain!
 The panting Courser now with trembling Nerves
 Begins to reel; urg'd by the goreing Spur,

Makes

Makes many a faint Effort: He snorts, he foams,
The big round Drops run trickling down his Sides,
With Sweat and Blood distain'd. Look back and
view

115

The strange Confusion of the Vale below,
Where fow'r Vexation reigns; see yon poor Jade,
In vain th' impatient Rider frets and swears,
With galling Spurs harrows his mangled Sides;
He can no more: His stiff unpliant Limbs 120
Rooted in Earth, unmov'd, and fix'd he stands,
For ev'ry cruel Curse returns a Groan,
And sobs, and faints, and dies. Who without
Grief

Can view that pamper'd Steed, his Master's Joy,
His Minion, and his daily Care, well cloath'd, 125
Well-fed with ev'ry nicer Cate; no Cost,
No Labour spar'd; who, when the flying Chace
Broke from the Copse, without a Rival led

The num'rous Train: Now a sad Spectacle
 Of Pride brought low, and humbled Insolence, 130
 Drove like a pannier'd Ass, and scourg'd along.

While these with loosen'd Reins, and dangling Heels,
 Hang on their reeling Palfreys, that scarce bear
 Their Weights; another in the treach'rous Bog
 Lies flound'ring half ingulph'd. What biting
 Thoughts 135

Torment th'abandon'd Crew! old Age laments
 His Vigour spent: The tall, plump, brawny Youth
 Curses his cumb'rous Bulk; and envies now
 The short Pygmean Race, he whilom kenn'd
 With proud insulting Leer. A chosen few 140
 Alone the Sport enjoy, nor droop beneath
 Their pleasing Toils. Here, Huntsman, from this
 Height

Observe yon Birds of Prey; if I can judge
 'Tis there the Villain lurks; they hover round

And

And claim him as their own. Was I not right; 145
See! there he creeps along; his Brush he drags,
And sweeps the Mire impure; from his wide Jaws
His Tongue unmoisten'd hangs; Symptoms too sure
Of sudden Death. Hah! yet he flies, nor yields
To black Despair. But one Loose more, and all
His Wiles are vain. Hark! thro' yon Village now
The rattling Clamour rings. The Barns, the Cots
And leafless Elms return the joyous Sounds.
Thro' ev'ry Homestall, and thro' ev'ry Yard,
His midnight Walks, panting, forlorn, he flies; 155
Thro' every Hole he sneaks, thro' ev'ry Jakes
Plunging he wades besmear'd, and fondly hopes
In a superior Stench to lose his own:
But faithful to the Track, th' unerring Hounds
With Peals of echoing Vengeance close pursue. 160
And now distress'd, no shelt'ring Covert near
Into the Hen-roost creeps, whose Walls with Gore
Distain'd

Disdain'd attest his Guilt. There, Villain, there
Expect thy Fate deserv'd. And soon from thence
The Pack inquisitive, with Clamour loud, 165
Drag out their trembling Prize; and on his Blood
With greedy Transport feast. In bolder Notes
Each sounding Horn proclaims the Felon dead;
And all th' assembled Village shouts for Joy.
The Farmer who beholds his mortal Foe 170
Stretch'd at his Feet, applauds the glorious Deed,
And grateful calls us to a short Repast:
In the full Glass the liquid Amber smiles,
Our native Product. And his good old Mate
With choicest Viands heaps the lib'ral Board,
To crown our Triumphs, and reward our Toils.

HERE must th' instructive Muse (but with Re-
spect)

Censure that num'rous Pack, that Croud of State,

With

With which the vain Profusion of the Great
Covers the Lawn, and shakes the trembling Copse.
Pompous Incumbrance! A Magnificence
Useless, vexatious! For the wily Fox,
Safe in th' increasing Number of his Foes,
Kens well the great Advantage: Slinks behind
And flyly creeps thro' the same beaten Track, 185
And hunts them Step by Step; then views escap'd
With inward Extasy, the panting Throng
In their own Footsteps puzzled, foil'd, and lost.
So when proud *Eastern* Kings, summon to Arms
Their gaudy Legions, from far distant Climes 190
They flock in Crouds, unpeopling half a World:
But when the Day of Battle calls them forth
To charge the well-train'd Foe, a Band compact
Of chosen Vet'ranes; they press blindly on,
In Heaps confus'd, by their own Weapons fall, 195
A smoking Carnage scatter'd o'er the Plain.

NOR Hounds alone this noxious Brood destroy:
The plunder'd Warrener full many a Wile
Devises to entrap his greedy Foe,
Fat with nocturnal Spoils. At Close of Day, 200
With Silence drags his Trail; then from the Ground
Pares thin the close-graz'd Turf, there with nice
Hand

Covers the latent Death, with curious Springs
Prepar'd to fly at once, whene'er the Tread
Of Man or Beast, unwarily shall press 205
The yielding Surface. By th' indented Steel
With Gripe tenacious held, the Felon grins,
And struggles, but in vain: Yet oft 'tis known,
When ev'ry Art has fail'd, the captive Fox
Has shar'd the wounded Joint, and with a Limb 210
Compounded for his Life. But if perchance
In the deep Pitfall plung'd, there's no Escape;

But

But unrepriev'd he dies, and bleach'd in Air
The Jest of Clowns, his reeking Carcass hangs.

Of these are various Kinds; not ev'n the King 215
Of Brutes evades this deep devouring Grave:
But by the wily *African* betray'd,
Heedless of Fate, within its gaping Jaws
Expires indignant. When the orient Beam
With Blushes paints the Dawn; and all the Race 220
Carnivorous, with Blood full-gorg'd, retire
Into their darksome Cells, there satiate snore
O'er dripping Offals, and the mangled Limbs
Of Men and Beasts; the painful Forrester
Climbs the high Hills, whose proud aspiring Tops,
With the tall Cedar crown'd, and taper Fir,
Assail the Clouds. There 'mong the craggy Rocks,
And Thickets intricate, trembling he views
His Footsteps in the Sand; the dismal Road

And

And Avenue to Death. Hither he calls 230
His watchful Bands; and low into the Ground
A Pit they sink, full many a Fathom deep.
Then in the midst a Column high is rear'd,
The Butt of some fair Tree; upon whose Top
A Lamb is plac'd, just ravish'd from his Dam. 235
And next a Wall they build, with Stones and Earth
Encircling round, and hiding from all View
The dreadful Precipice. Now when the Shades
Of Night hang low'ring o'er the Mountain's Brow;
And Hunger keen, and pungent Thirst of Blood, 240
Rouze up the slothful Beast, he shakes his Sides,
Slow-rising from his Lair, and stretches wide
His rav'nous Paws, with recent Gore distain'd.
The Forests tremble, as he roars aloud,
Impatient to destroy. O'erjoy'd he hears 245
The bleating Innocent, that claims in vain
The Shepherd's Care, and seeks with piteous Moan
The

The foodful Teat; himself, alas! design'd
 Another's Meal. For now the greedy Brute
 Winds him from far; and leaping o'er the Mound 250
 To seize his trembling Prey, headlong is plung'd
 Into the deep Abyfs. Prostrate he lies
 Astunn'd and impotent. Ah! what avail
 Thine Eye-balls flashing Fire, thy Length of Tail,
 That lashes thy broad Sides, thy Jaws besmear'd 255
 With Blood and Offals crude, thy shaggy Main
 The Terror of the Woods, thy stately Port,
 And Bulk enormous, since by Stratagem
 Thy Strength is foil'd? Unequal is the Strife,
 When sov'reign Reason combats brutal Rage. 260

ON distant *Ethiopia's* Sun-burnt Coasts,
 The black Inhabitants a Pitfall frame,
 But of a diff'rent Kind, and diff'rent Use.
 With slender Poles the wide capacious Mouth,

And Hurdles flight, they close; o'er these is spread
A Floor of verdant Turf, with all its Flow'rs
Smiling delusive, and from strictest Search
Concealing the deep Grave, that yawns below.
Then Boughs of Trees they cut, with tempting
Fruit
Of various Kinds furcharg'd; the downy Peach, 270
The clust'ring Vine, and of bright golden Rind
The fragrant Orange. Soon as Ev'ning grey
Advances flow, besprinkling all around
With kind refreshing Dews the thirsty Glebe,
The stately Elephant from the close Shade 275
With Step majestick strides, eager to taste
The cooler Breeze, that from the Sea-beat Shore
Delightful breaths, or in the limpid Stream
To lave his panting Sides; joyous he scents
The rich Repast, unweeting of the Death 280
That lurks within. And soon he sporting breaks

The

The brittle Boughs, and greedily devours
The Fruit delicious. Ah! too dearly bought;
The Price is Life. For now the treach'rous Turf
Trembling gives way; and the unweildy Beast 285
Self-sinking, drops into the dark Profound.
So when dilated Vapours, struggling heave
Th' incumbent Earth; if Chance the cavern'd
Ground,
Shrinking subside, and the thin Surface yield,
Down sinks at once the pond'rous Dome, ingulph'd
With all its Tow'rs. Subtle, delusive Man!
How various are thy Wiles! artful to kill
Thy savage Foes, a dull unthinking Race!
Fierce from his Lair, springs forth the speckled Pard,
Thirsting for Blood, and eager to destroy; 295
The Huntsman flies, but to his Flight alone
Confides not: At convenient Distance fix'd,
A polish'd Mirrour, stops in full Career

The furious Brute: He there his Image views;
Spots against Spots with Rage improving glow; 300
Another Pard his bristly Whiskers curls,
Grins as he grins, fierce-menacing, and wide
Distends his op'ning Paws; himself against
Himself opposed, and with dread Vengeance arm'd.
The Huntsman now secure, with fatal Aim 305
Directs the pointed Spear, by which transfix'd
He dies, and with him dies the rival Shade.
Thus Man innum'rous Engines forms, t'affail
The Savage kind: But most the docile Horse,
Swift and confederate with Man, annoys 310
His Brethren of the Plains; without whose Aid
The Hunters Arts are vain, unskill'd to wage
With the more active Brutes an equal War.
But born by him, without the well-train'd Pack,
Man dares his Foe, on Wings of Wind secure. 315

HIM the fierce *Arab* mounts, and with his Troop
Of bold Compeers, ranges the Deserts wild.
Where by the Magnet's Aid, the Traveller
Steers his untrodden Course; yet oft on Land
Is wreck'd, in the high-rolling Waves of Sand 320
Immerst and lost. While these intrepid Bands,
Safe in their Horses Speed, out-fly the Storm,
And scouring round, make Men and Beasts their
Prey.

The grisly Boar is singled from his Herd
As large as that in *Erimanthian* Woods, 325
A Match for *Hercules*. Round him they fly
In Circles wide; and each in passing sends
His feather'd Death into his brawny Sides.
But perilous th'Attempt. For if the Steed
Haply too near approach; or the loose Earth 330
His Footing fail; the watchful angry Beast

Th' Advantage spies; and at one sidelong Glance
 Rips up his Groin. Wounded, he rears aloft,
 And plunging, from his Back the Rider hurls
 Precipitant; then bleeding spurns the Ground,
 And drags his reeking Entrails o'er the Plain.
 Mean while the furlly Monster trots along,
 But with unequal Speed; for still they wound,
 Swift-wheeling in the spacious Ring. A Wood
 Of Darts upon his Back he bears; adown 340
 His tortur'd Sides, the crimson Torrents roll
 From many a gaping Font. And now at last
 Stagg'ring he falls, in Blood and Foam expires.

BUT whither roves my devious Muse, intent
 On antique Tales? While yet the Royal Stag 345
 Unfung remains. Tread with respectful Awe
Windfor's green Glades; where *Denham*, tuneful Bard,
 Charm'd once the lift'ning Dryads, with his Song

Sublimely

Sublimely sweet. O! grant me, sacred Shade,
To glean submits what thy full Sickle leaves. 350

THE Morning Sun that gilds with trembling Rays
Windsor's high Tower's, beholds the courtly Train
Mount for the Chace, nor views in all his Course
A Scene so gay: Heroick, noble Youths,
In Arts, and Arms renown'd, and lovely Nymphs
The fairest of this Isle, where Beauty dwells
Delighted, and deserts her *Paphian* Grove
For our more favour'd Shades: In proud Parade
These shine magnificent, and press around
The Royal happy Pair. Great in themselves, 360
They smile superior; of external Show
Regardless, while their inbred Virtues give
A Lustre to their Pow'r, and grace their Court
With real Splendors, far above the Pomp
Of eastern Kings, in all their Tinsel Pride. 365

Like Troops of *Amazons*, the female Band
 Prance round their Cars, not in refulgent Arms
 As those of old; unskill'd to wield the Sword,
 Or bend the Bow, these kill with surer Aim.
 The royal Offspring, fairest of the Fair, 379
 Lead on the splendid Train. *Anna* more bright
 Than Summer Suns, or as the Light'ning keen,
 With irresistible Effulgence arm'd,
 Fires ev'ry Heart. He must be more than Man,
 Who unconcern'd can bear the piercing Ray. 375
Amelia, milder than the blushing Dawn,
 With sweet engaging Air, but equal Pow'r
 Insensibly subdues, and in soft Chains
 Her willing Captives leads. Illustrious Maids
 Ever triumphant! whose victorious Charms, 380
 Without the needless Aid of high Descent
 Had aw'd Mankind, and taught the World's great
 Lords

To bow and sue for Grace. But who is he
Fresh as a Rose-bud newly blown, and fair
As op'ning Lillies; on whom ev'ry Eye 385
With Joy, and Admiration dwells? See, see,
He reins his docile Barb with manly Grace,
Is it *Adonis* for the Chace array'd?
Or *Britain's* second Hope? Hail blooming Youth!
May all your Virtues with your Years improve, 390
'Till in consummate Worth, you shine the Pride
Of these our Days, and to succeeding Times
A bright Example. As his Guard of Mutes
On the great Sultan wait, with Eyes deject
And fix'd on Earth, no Voice, no Sound is heard 395
Within the wide Serail, but all is hush'd,
And awful Silence reigns; thus stand the Pack
Mute and unmov'd, and cower'd low to Earth,
While pass the glitt'ring Court, and Royal Pair:
So disciplin'd those Hounds, and so reserv'd, 400

Whose Honour 'tis to glad the Hearts of Kings.
But soon the winding Horn, and Huntsman's Voice,
Let loose the gen'ral Chorus; far around
Joy spreads its Wings, and the gay Morning smiles.

UNHARBOUR'D now the Royal Stag forfakes 405
His wonted Lair; he shakes his dappled Sides,
And tosses high his beamy Head, the Copse
Beneath his Antlers bends. What doubling Shifts
He tries! not more the wily Hare; in these
Wou'd still persist, did not the full-mouth'd Pack
With dreadful Confort thunder in his Rear.
The Woods reply, the Hunter's chearing Shouts
Float thro' the Glades, and the wide Forest rings.
How merrily they chant! their Nostrils deep
Inhale the grateful Steam. Such is the Cry, 415
And such th'harmonious Din, the Soldier deems
The Battle kindling, and the Statesman grave

Forgets

Forgets his weighty Cares ; each Age, each Sex
In the wild Transport joins ; luxuriant Joy,
And Pleasure in Excess, sparkling exult 420
On ev'ry Brow, and revel unrestrain'd.
How happy art thou, Man, when thou'rt no more
Thy self! when all the Pangs that grind thy Soul,
In Rapture and in sweet Oblivion lost,
Yield a short Interval, and Ease from Pain! 425

SEE the swift Courser strains, his shining Hoofs
Securely beat the solid Ground. Who now
The dang'rous Pitfall fears, with tangling Heath
High-overgrown? Or who the quiv'ring Bog
Soft-yielding to the Step? All now is plain, 430
Plain as the Strand Sea-lav'd, that stretches far
Beneath the rocky Shore. Glades crossing Glades
The Forest opens to our wond'ring View:
Such was the King's Command. Let Tyrants fierce
Lay

Lay waste the World; his the more glorious Part 435
To check their Pride; and when the brazen Voice
Of War is hush'd, (as erst victorious *Rome*)
T'employ his station'd Legions in the Works
Of Peace; to smoothe the rugged Wilderness.
To drain the stagnate Fen, to raise the Slope 440
Depending Road, and to make gay the Face
Of Nature, with th' Embellishments of Art,

How melts my beating Heart! as I behold
Each lovely Nymph our Island's Boast and Pride,
Push on the gen'rous Steed, that strokes along 445
O'er rough, o'er smooth, nor heeds the steepy Hill,
Nor falters in th' extended Vale below;
Their Garments loosely waving in the Wind,
And all the Flush of Beauty in their Cheeks!
While at their Sides their pensive Lovers wait, 450
Direct their dubious Course; now chill'd with Fear

Soli-

Sollicitous, and now with Love inflam'd:

O! grant, indulgent Heav'n, no rising Storm

May darken with black Wings, this glorious Scene!

Shou'd some malignant Pow'r thus damp our Joys,

Vain were the gloomy Cave, such as of old

Betray'd to lawless Love the *Tyrian* Queen.

For *Britain's* virtuous Nymphs are chaste as fair,

Spotless, unblam'd, with equal Triumph reign

In the Dun Gloom, as in the Blaze of Day. 460

No w the blown Stag, thro' Woods, Bogs, Roads,
and Streams

Has measur'd half the Forest; but alas!

He flies in vain, he flies not from his Fears.

Tho' far he cast the ling'ring Pack behind,

His haggard Fancy still with Horrors views 465

The fell Destroyer; still the fatal Cry

Insults his Ears, and wounds his trembling Heart.

So

So the poor Fury-haunted Wretch (his Hands
In guiltless Blood distain'd) still seems to hear
The dying Shrieks; and the pale threat'ning Ghost
Moves as he moves, and as he flies, pursues.

See here his Slot; up yon green Hill he climbs,
Pants on its Brow awhile, fadly looks back
On his Pursuers, cov'ring all the Plain;
But wrung with Anguish, bears not long the Sight,
Shoots down the Steep, and sweats along the Vale:
There mingles with the Herd, where once he
reign'd

Proud Monarch of the Groves, whose clashing
Beam

His Rivals aw'd, and whose exalted Pow'r
Was still rewarded with successful Love. 480

But the base Herd, have learn'd the Ways of Men,
Averse they fly, or with rebellious Aim

Chace him from thence: needles their impious
Deed,

The Huntsman knows him by a thousand Marks,
Black, and Imbost; nor are his Hounds deceiv'd;
Too well distinguish these, and never leave
Their once devoted Foe; familiar grows
His Scent, and strong their Appetite to kill.

Again he flies, and with redoubled Speed
Skims o'er the Lawn; still the tenacious Crew 490
Hang on the Track, aloud demand their Prey
And push him many a League. If haply then

Too far escap'd, and the gay courtly Train
Behind are cast, the Huntsman's clanging Whip
Stops full their bold Career; passive they stand, 495

Unmov'd, an humble, an obsequious Crowd,
As if by stern *Medusa* gaz'd to Stones.

So at their Gen'ral's Voice whole Armies halt
In full Pursuit, and check their Thirst of Blood.

Soon

Soon at the King's Command, like hasty Streams 500
 Damm'd up a while, they foam, and pour along
 With fresh recruited Might. The Stag, who hop'd
 His Foes were lost, now once more hears astunn'd
 The dreadful Din; he shivers ev'ry Limb,
 He starts, he bounds; each Bush presents a Foe. 505
 Press'd by the fresh Relay, no Pause allow'd,
 Breathless, and faint, he falters in his Pace,
 And lifts his weary Limbs with Pain, that scarce
 Sustain their Load; he pants, he sobs appall'd;
 Drops down his heavy Head to Earth, beneath 510
 His cumb'rous Beams oppress'd. But if perchance
 Some prying Eye surprize him; soon he rears
 Erect his tow'ring Front, bounds o'er the Lawn
 With ill-dissembled Vigour, to amuse
 The knowing Forester; who inly smiles 515
 At his weak Shifts, and unavailing Frauds.
 So midnight Tapers waste their last Remains,

Shine

Shine forth a while, and as they blaze expire.
 From Wood to Wood redoubling Thunders roll,
 And bellow thro' the Vales; the moving Storm 520
 Thickens amain, and loud triumphant Shouts,
 And Horns shrill-warbling in each Glade, prelude
 To his approaching Fate. And now in view
 With hobbling Gate, and high, exerts amaz'd
 What Strength is left: To the last Dregs of Life
 Reduc'd, his Spirits fail, on ev'ry Side
 Hemm'd in, besieg'd; not the least Op'ning left
 To gleaming Hope, th' Unhappy's last Reserve.
 Where shall he turn? Or whither fly? Despair
 Gives Courage to the Weak. Resolv'd to dye, 530
 He fears no more, but rushes on his Foes,
 And deals his Deaths around; beneath his Feet
 These grovelling lye, those by his Antlers gor'd
 Defile th' ensanguin'd Plain. Ah! see distress'd
 He stands at Bay against yon knotty Trunk, 535

That

That covers well his Rear, his Front presents
 An Host of Foes. O! shun, ye noble Train,
 The rude Encounter, and believe your Lives
 Your Country's Due alone. As now aloof
 They wing around, he finds his Soul uprais'd, 540
 To dare some great Exploit; he charges home
 Upon the broken Pack, that on each Side
 Fly diverse; then as o'er the Turf he strains,
 He vents the cooling Stream, and up the Breeze
 Urges his Course with eager Violence: 544
 Then takes the Soil, and plunges in the Flood
 Precipitant; down the Mid-Stream he wafts
 Along, 'till (like a Ship distress'd, that runs
 Into some winding Creek) close to the Verge
 Of a small Island, for his weary Feet 550
 Sure Anchorage he finds, there skulks immers'd.
 His Nose alone above the Wave, draws in
 The vital Air; all else beneath the Flood

Conceal'd,

Conceal'd, and lost, deceives each prying Eye
 Of Man or Brute. In vain the crowding Pack 555
 Draw on the Margin of the Stream, or cut
 The liquid Wave with oary Feet, that move
 In equal Time. The gliding Waters leave
 No Trace behind, and his contracted Pores
 But sparingly perspire: The Huntsman strains 560
 His lab'ring Lungs, and puffs his Cheeks in vain:
 At length a Blood-hound bold, studious to kill,
 And exquisite of Sense, winds him from far;
 Headlong he leaps into the Flood, his Mouth
 Loud op'ning spends amain, and his wide Throat
 Swells ev'ry Note with Joy; then fearless dives
 Beneath the Wave, hangs on his Hanch, and wounds
 Th'unhappy Brute, that flounders in the Stream,
 Sorely distress'd, and struggling strives to mount
 The steepy Shore. Haply once more escap'd; 570
 Again he stands at Bay, amid the Groves

Of Willows, bending low their downy Heads.
 Outragious Transport fires the greedy Pack;
 These swim the Deep, and those crawl up with
 Pain

The slipp'ry Bank, while others on firm Land 575
 Engage; the Stag repells each bold Assault,
 Maintains his Post, and Wounds for Wounds returns.
 As when some wily Corfair boards a Ship
 Full-freighted, or from *Afric's* golden Coasts,
 Or *India's* wealthy Strand, his bloody Crew 580
 Upon her Deck he flings; these in the Deep
 Drop short, and swim to reach her steepy Sides,
 And clinging climb aloft; while those on Board
 Urge on the Work of Fate; the Master bold,
 Press'd to his last Retreat, bravely resolves 585
 To sink his Wealth beneath the whelming Wave,
 His Wealth, his Foes, nor unreveng'd to dye.
 So fares it with the Stag: So he resolves

To

To plunge at once into the Flood below,
Himself, his Foes in one deep Gulph immers'd. 590
E'er yet he executes this dire Intent,
In wild Disorder once more views the Light;
Beneath a Weight of Woe, he groans distress'd:
The Tears run trickling down his hairy Cheeks;
He weeps, nor weeps in vain. The King beholds
His wretched Plight, and Tendernefs innate
Moves his great Soul. Soon at his high Command
Rebuk'd, the difappointed, hungry Pack
Retire fubmifs, and grumbling quit their Prey.

GREAT Prince! from thee, what may thy Sub-
jects hope; 600

So kind, and fo beneficent to Brutes?

O Mercy, heav'nly born! Sweet Attribute!

Thou great, thou beft Prerogative of Pow'r!

Justice may guard the Throne, but join'd with thee,

On Rocks of Adamant it stands secure, 605
And braves the Storm beneath; soon as thy Smiles
Gild the rough Deep, the foaming Waves subside,
And all the noisy Tumult sinks in Peace.

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The ARGUMENT of the Fourth Book.

O*F the Necessity of destroying some Beasts, and preserving others for the Use of Man. Of breeding of Hounds; the Season for this Business. The Choice of the Dog, of great Moment. Of the Litter of Whelps. Of the Number to be rear'd. Of setting them out to their several Walks. Care to be taken to prevent their Hunting too soon. Of ent'ring the Whelps. Of breaking them from running at Sheep. Of the Diseases of Hounds. Of their Age. Of Madness; two Sorts of it described, the Dumb, and outrageous Madness: It's dreadful Effects. Burning of the Wound recommended as preventing all ill Consequences. The infectious Hounds to be separated, and fed apart. The Vanity of trusting to the many infallible Cures for this Malady. The dismal Effects of the Biting of a Mad Dog, upon Man described. Description of the Otter Hunting. The Conclusion.*

BOOK the Fourth.

WHATE'ER of Earth is form'd, to Earth re-
turns

Diffolv'd: the various Objects we behold,
Plants, Animals, this whole material Mass,
Are ever changing, ever new. The Soul
Of Man alone, that Particle divine,
Escapes the Wreck of Worlds, when all things fail.
Hence great the Distance 'twixt the Beasts that pe-
rish,
And God's bright Image, Man's immortal Race.
The Brute Creation are his Property,
Subservient to his Will, and for him made.

10

As

As hurtful these he kills, as useful those
Preserves; their sole and arbitrary King.
Shou'd he not kill, as erst the *Samian* Sage
Taught unadvis'd, and *Indian* Brachmans now
As vainly preach; the teeming rav'nous Brutes 15
Might fill the scanty Space of this Terrene,
Incumb'ring all the Globe: Shou'd not his Care
Improve his growing Stock, their Kinds might fail,
Man might once more on Roots, and Acorns feed,
And thro' the Deserts range, shiv'ring, forlorn, 20
Quite destitute of ev'ry Solace dear,
And ev'ry smiling Gaiety of Life.

THE prudent Huntsman therefore will supply
With annual large Recruits, his broken Pack,
And propagate their Kind. As from the Root 25
Fresh Scions still spring forth, and daily yield
New blooming Honours to the Parent-Tree.

Far shall his Pack be fam'd, far fought his Breed,
And Princes at their Tables feast those Hounds
His Hand presents, an acceptable Boon. 30

E'ER yet the Sun thro' the bright Ram has urg'd
His steepy Course, or Mother Earth unbound
Her frozen Bosom to the *Western* Gale;
When feather'd Troops, their social Leagues dis-
solv'd,

Select their Mates, and on the leafless Elm 35
The noisy Rook builds high her wicker Nest;
Mark well the wanton Females of thy Pack,
That curl their Taper Tails, and frisking court
Their pyebald Mates enamour'd; their red Eyes
Flash Fires impure; nor Rest, nor Food they take,
Goaded by furious Love. In sep'rate Cells
Confine them now, lest bloody Civil Wars
Annoy thy peaceful State. If left at large,

The growling Rivals in dread Battle join,
 And rude Encounter. On *Scamander's* Streams 45
 Heroes of old with far less Fury fought,
 For the bright *Spartan* Dame, their Valour's Prize.
 Mangled and torn thy fav'rite Hounds shall lie,
 Stretch'd on the Ground; thy Kennel shall appear
 A Field of Blood: like some unhappy Town 50
 In Civil Broils confus'd, while Discord shakes
 Her bloody Scourge aloft, fierce Parties rage,
 Staining their impious Hands in mutual Death.
 And still the best belov'd, and bravest fall:
 Such are the dire Effects of lawless Love. 55

HUNTSMAN! these Ills by timely prudent Care
 Prevent: for ev'ry longing Dame select
 Some happy Paramour; to him alone
 In Leagues connubial join. Consider well
 His Lineage; what his Fathers did of old, 60
 Chiefs

Chiefs of the Pack, and first to climb the Rock,
Or plunge into the Deep, or thread the Brake
With Thorns sharp-pointed, plash'd, and Briars
inwoven.

Observe with Care his Shape, Sort, Colour, Size.
Nor will sagacious Huntsmen less regard 65

His inward Habits, the vain Babbler shun,
Ever loquacious, ever in the wrong.

His foolish Offspring shall offend thy Ears
With false Alarms, and loud Impertinence.

Nor less the shifting Cur avoid, that breaks 70

Illusive from the Pack; to the next Hedge
Devious he strays, there ev'ry Muse he tries,

If haply then he cross the streaming Scent,

Away he flies vain-glorious; and exults

As of the Pack supreme, and in his Speed

And Strength unrivall'd. Lo! cast far behind

His vex'd Associates pant, and lab'ring strain

To

To climb the steep Ascent. Soon as they reach
 Th'insulting Boaster, his false Courage fails,
 Behind he lags, doom'd to the fatal Noose, 80
 His Master's Hate, and Scorn of all the Field.
 What can from such be hop'd, but a base Brood
 Of coward Curs, a frantick, vagrant Race?

WHEN now the third revolving Moon appears,
 With sharpen'd Horns, above th' Horizon's Brink;
 Without *Lucina's* Aid, expect thy Hopes
 Are amply crown'd; short Pangs produce to Light
 The smoking Litter, crawling, helpless, blind,
 Nature their Guide, they seek the pouting Teat
 That plenteous streams. Soon as the tender Dam 90
 Has form'd them with her Tongue, with Pleasure
 view

The Marks of their renown'd Progenitors,
 Sure Pledge of Triumphs yet to come. All these

Select

Select with Joy; but to the merc'less Flood
 Expose the dwindling Refuse, nor o'erload 95
 Th'indulgent Mother. If thy Heart relent,
 Unwilling to destroy, a Nurse provide,
 And to the Foster-Parent give the Care
 Of thy superfluous Brood; she'll cherish kind
 The Alien Offspring; pleas'd thou shalt behold 100
 Her Tendernefs, and hospitable Love.

If frolick now, and play-full they desert
 Their gloomy Cell, and on the verdant Turf
 With Nerves improv'd, pursue the mimick Chace,
 Courfing around; unto thy choicest Friends 150
 Commit thy valu'd Prize: The rustick Dames
 Shall at thy Kennel wait, and in their Laps
 Receive thy growing Hopes, with many a Kiss
 Carefs, and dignify their little Charge
 With some great Title, and resounding Name 110

Of high Import. But cautious here observe
 To check their youthful Ardour, nor permit
 The unexperienc'd Younger, immature,
 Alone to range the Woods, or haunt the Brakes
 Where dodging Conies sport: His Nerves unstrung,
 And Strength unequal; the laborious Chace
 Shall stint his Growth, and his rash forward Youth
 Contract such vicious Habits, as thy Care
 And late Correction never shall reclaim.

WHEN to full Strength arriv'd, mature and bold,
 Conduct them to the Field; not all at once,
 But as thy cooler Prudence shall direct,
 Select a few, and form them by Degrees
 To stricter Discipline. With these consort
 The Stanch, and steddry Sages of thy Pack, 125
 By long Experience vers'd in all the Wiles,
 And subtle Doublings of the various Chace.

Easy the Lesson of the youthful Train,
 When Instinct prompts, and when Example guides.
 If the too forward Younger at the Head 130
 Press boldly on, in wanton sportive Mood,
 Correct his Haste, and let him feel abash'd
 The ruling Whip. But if he stoop behind
 In wary modest Guise, to his own Nose
 Confiding sure; give him full Scope to work 135
 His winding Way, and with thy Voice applaud
 His Patience, and his Care; soon shalt thou view
 The hopeful Pupil Leader of his Tribe,
 And all the list'ning Pack attend his Call.

OFT lead them forth where wanton Lambkins
 play, 140

And bleating Dams with jealous Eyes observe
 Their tender Care. If at the crowding Flock
 He bay presumptuous, or with eager Haste

Pursue

Pursue them scatter'd o'er the verdant Plain;
 In the foul Fact attach'd, to the strong Ram 145
 Tye fast the rash Offender. See! at first
 His horn'd Companion, fearful, and amaz'd,
 Shall drag him trembling o'er the rugged Ground:
 Then with his Load fatigued, shall turn a Head,
 And with his curl'd hard Front incessant peal 150
 The panting Wretch; 'till breathless and astunn'd,
 Stretch'd on the Turf he lie. Then spare not thou
 The twining Whip, but ply his bleeding Sides
 Lash after Lash, and with thy threat'ning Voice,
 Harsh-echoing from the Hills, inculcate loud 155
 His vile Offence. Sooner shall trembling Doves
 Escap'd the Hawk's sharp Talons, in mid Air,
 Affail their dang'rous Foe, than he once more
 Disturb the peaceful Flocks. In tender Age
 Thus Youth is train'd; as curious Artists bend 160
 The

The taper, pliant Twig; or Potters form
Their soft and ductile Clay to various Shapes.

NOR is't enough to breed; but to preserve
Must be the Huntsman's Care. The stanch old
Hounds,

Guides of thy Pack, tho' but in Number few, 165
Are yet of great Account; shall oft untie
The Gordian Knot, when Reason at a stand
Puzzling is lost, and all thy Art is vain.

O'er clogging Fallows, o'er dry plaster'd Roads,
O'er floated Meads, o'er Plains with Flocks distain'd
Rank-scenting, these must lead the dubious Way.

As Party-Chiefs in Senates who preside,
With pleaded Reason and with well-turn'd Speech
Conduct the staring Multitude; so these
Direct the Pack, who with joint Cry approve, 175
And loudly boast Discov'ries not their own.

UNNUMBER'D Accidents, and various Ills,
 Attend thy Pack, hang hov'ring o'er their Heads,
 And point the Way that leads to Death's dark Cave.
 Short is their Span; few at the Date arrive
 Of ancient *Argus* in old *Homer's* Song 180
 So highly honour'd: Kind, sagacious Brute!
 Not ev'n *Minerva's* Wisdom could conceal
 Thy much lov'd Master from thy nicer Sense.
 Dying his Lord he own'd, view'd him all o'er
 With eager Eyes, then clos'd those Eyes, well
 pleas'd. 185

OF lesser Ills the Muse declines to sing,
 Nor stoops so low; of these each Groom can tell
 The proper Remedy. But O! what Care!
 What Prudence can prevent Madness, the worst
 Of Maladies? Terrifick Pest! that blasts 190

The Huntsman's Hopes, and Desolation spreads
 Thro' all th'unpeopled Kennel unrestrain'd.
 More fatal than th'envenom'd Viper's Bite;
 Or that *Apulian* Spider's pois'nous Sting,
 Heal'd by the pleasing Antidote of Sounds. 195

WHEN *Sirius* reigns, and the Sun's parching
 Beams

Bake the dry gaping Surface, visit thou
 Each Ev'n and Morn, with quick observant Eye,
 Thy panting Pack. If in dark fullen Mood,
 The glouting Hound refuse his wonted Meal, 200
 Retiring to some close, obscure Retreat,
 Gloomy, disconsolate: With Speed remove
 The poor infectious Wretch, and in strong Chains
 Bind him suspected. Thus that dire Disease
 Which Art can't cure, wise Caution may prevent.

BUT

BUT this neglected, soon expect a Change,
 A dismal Change, Confusion, Frenzy, Death.
 Or in some dark Recefs, the fenfelefs Brute
 Sits sadly pining: Deep Melancholy,
 And black Defpair, upon his clouded Brow 210
 Hang low'ring; from his half-op'ning Jaws
 The clammy Venom, and infectious Froth,
 Diffilling fall; and from his Lungs inflam'd,
 Malignant Vapours taint the ambient Air,
 Breathing Perdition: His dim Eyes are glaz'd, 215
 He droops his penfivè Head, his trembling Limbs
 No more fupport his Weight; abject he lies,
 Dumb, fpiritlefs, benumb'd; 'till Death at laft
 Gracious attends, and kindly brings Relief.

OR if outrageous grown, behold alas! 220
 A yet more dreadful Scene; his glaring Eyes

Redden with Fury, like some angry Boar
 Churning he foams; and on his Back erect
 His pointed Bristles rise; his Tail incurv'd
 He drops, and with harsh broken Howlings rends 225
 The poison-tainted Air, with rough hoarse Voice
 Incessant Bays; and snuffs th' infectious Breeze;
 This Way and that he stares aghast, and starts
 At his own Shade; jealous, as if he deem'd
 The World his Foes. If haply tow'rd the Stream 230
 He cast his roving Eye, cold Horror chills
 His Soul; averse he flies, trembling, appall'd.
 Now frantick to the Kennel's utmost Verge
 Raving he runs, and deals Destruction round.
 The Pack fly diverse; for whate'er he meets 235
 Vengeful he bites, and ev'ry Bite is Death.

If now perchance thro' the weak Fence escap'd,
 Far up the Wind he roves, with open Mouth

Inhales

Inhales the cooling Breeze, nor Man, nor Beast
 He spares implacable. The Hunter-Horse 240
 Once kind Associate of his sylvan Toils,
 (Who haply now without the Kennel's Mound
 Crops the rank Mead, and list'ning hears with Joy
 The chearing Cry, that Morn and Eve salutes
 His raptur'd Sense) a wretched Victim falls. 245
 Unhappy Quadrupede! no more, alas!
 Shall thy fond Master with his Voice applaud
 Thy Gentleness, thy Speed; or with his Hand
 Stroke thy soft dappled Sides, as he each Day
 Visits thy Stall, well pleas'd; no more shalt thou
 With sprightly Neighings, to the winding Horn,
 And the loud op'ning Pack in comfort join'd,
 Glad his proud Heart. For oh! the secret Wound
 Rankling inflames, he bites the Ground and dies.

HENCE to the Village with pernicious Haste 255
 Baleful he bends his Course: The Village flies
 Alarm'd; the tender Mother in her Arms,
 Hugs close the trembling Babe; the Doors are barr'd,
 And flying Curs by native Instinct taught,
 Shun the contagious Bane; the rustick Bands 260
 Hurry to Arms, the rude Militia feize
 Whate'er at hand they find; Clubs, Forks, or Guns
 From ev'ry Quarter charge the furious Foe,
 In wild Disorder, and uncouth Array:
 'Till now with Wounds on Wounds oppress'd and
 gor'd 265
 At one short pois'nous Gasps he breaths his last.

HENCE to the Kennel, Muse, return, and view,
 With heavy Heart that Hospital of Woe;
 Where Horror stalks at large, insatiate Death

Sits growling o'er his Prey: Each Hour presents 270

A diff'rent Scene of Ruin and Distress.

How busy art thou, Fate! and how severe

Thy pointed Wrath! the Dying and the Dead

Promiscuous lye; o'er these the Living fight

In one eternal Broil; not conscious why, 275

Nor yet with whom. So Drunkards in their Cups,

Spare not their Friends, while senseless Squabble

reigns.

HUNTSMAN! it much behooves thee to avoid

The perilous Debate! Ah! rouse up all

Thy Vigilance, and tread the treach'rous Ground 280

With careful Step. Thy Fires unquench'd preserve,

As erst the Vestal Flame; the pointed Steel

In the hot Embers hide; and if surpriz'd

Thou feel'st the deadly Bite, quick urge it home

Into the recent Sore, and cauterize 285

The Wound; spare not thy Flesh, nor dread th'
Event:

Vulcan shall save, when *Æsculapius* fails.

HERE, shou'd the knowing Muse recount the
Means

To stop this growing Plague. And here, alas!
Each Hand presents a sov'reign Cure, and boasts 290
Infallibility, but boasts in vain.

On this depend, each to his sep'rate Seat
Confine, in Fetters bound; give each his Mess
Apart, his Range in open Air; and then
If deadly Symptoms to thy Grief appear; 295
Devote the Wretch, and let him greatly fall,
A gen'rous Victim for the publick Weal.

SING, philosophick Muse, the dire Effects
Of this contagious Bite on hapless Man.

The

The rustick Swains, by long Tradition taught 300
Of Leeches old, as soon as they perceive
The Bite impress'd, to the Sea-Coasts repair.
Plung'd in the briny Flood, th' unhappy Youth
Now journeys home secure; but soon shall with
The Seas as yet had cover'd him beneath 305
The foaming Surge, full many a Fathom deep.
A Fate more dismal, and superior Ills
Hang o'er his Head devoted. When the Moon
Closing her monthly round, returns again
Toglad the Night; or when full-orb'd she shines 310
High in the Vault of Heav'n; the lurking Pest
Begins the dire Assault. The pois'nous Foam
Thro' the deep Wound instill'd with hostile Rage,
And all its fiery Particles saline,
Invades th' arterial Fluid; whose red Waves 315
Tempestuous heave, and their Cohesion broke,
Fermenting boil; intestine War ensues,

And

And Order to Confusion turns embroil'd.

Now the distended Vessels scarce contain

The wild Uproar, but press each weaker Part, 320

Unable to resist: The tender Brain,

And Stomach suffer most; Convulsions shake

His trembling Nerves, and wand'ring pungent

Pains

Pinch fore the sleepless Wretch; his flatt'ring Pulse

Oft intermits; pensive, and sad, he mourns 325

His cruel Fate, and to his weeping Friends

Laments in vain; to hasty Anger prone,

Resents each slight Offence, walks with quick Step,

And wildly stares; at last with boundless Sway

The Tyrant Frenzy reigns. For as the Dog, 330

(Whose fatal Bite convey'd th' infectious Bane)

Raving he foams, and howls, and barks, and bates.

Like Agitations in his boiling Blood

Present like Species to his troubled Mind;

His

BOOK IV. THE CHACE.

119

His Nature, and his Actions all canine.

335

So as (old *Homer* sung) th' Associates wild

Of wand'ring *Ithacus*, by *Circe's* Charms

To Swine transform'd, ran grunting thro' the Groves.

Dreadful Example to a wicked World!

See there distress'd he lies! parch'd up with Thirst,

But dares not drink. 'Till now at last his Soul

Trembling escapes, her noisome Dungeon leaves,

And to some purer Region wings away.

ONE Labour yet remains, celestial Maid!

Another Element demands thy Song.

345

No more o'er craggy Steeps, thro' Coverts thick

With pointed Thorn, and Briers intricate,

Urge on with Horn and Voice the painful Pack:

But skim with wanton Wing th' irriguous Vale,

Where winding Streams amid the flow'ry Meads 350

Perpetual glide along; and undermine

The

The cavern'd Banks, by the tenacious Roots
 Of hoary Willows arch'd; gloomy Retreat
 Of the bright scaly Kind; where they at Will,
 On the green wat'ry Reed their Pasture graze, 355
 Suck the moist Soil, or slumber at their Ease,
 Rock'd by the restless Brook, that draws aslope
 Its humid Train, and laves their dark Abodes.
 Where rages not Oppression? Where, alas!
 Is Innocence secure? Rapine and Spoil 360
 Haunt ev'n the lowest Deep; Seas have their Sharks,
 Rivers and Ponds inclos'd, the rav'nous Pike;
 He in his Turn becomes a Prey; on him
 Th' amphibious Otter feasts. Just is his Fate
 Deserv'd: But Tyrants know no Bounds; nor Spears
 That bristle on his Back, defend the Perch
 From his wide greedy Jaws; nor burnish'd Mail
 The yellow Carp; nor all his Arts can save
 Th' insinuating Eel, that hides his Head

Beneath

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Beneath the slimy Mud ; nor yet escapes 370

The crimson-spotted Trout, the River's Pride,
And Beauty of the Stream. Without Remorse,

This midnight Pillager ranging around,

Insatiate swallows all. The Owner mourns

Th' unpeopled Rivulet, and gladly hears 375

The Huntsman's early Call, and sees with Joy

The jovial Crew, that march upon its Banks

In gay Parade, with bearded Lances arm'd.

THIS subtle Spoiler of the Beaver kind,

Far off perhaps, where ancient Alders shade 380

The deep still Pool; within some hollow Trunk

Contrives his wicker Couch : Whence he surveys

His long Purlieu, Lord of the Stream, and all

The finny Shoals his own. But you, brave Youths,

Dispute the Felon's Claim ; try ev'ry Root, 385

And ev'ry reedy Bank; encourage all

The

The busy-spreading Pack, that fearless plunge
Into the Flood, and cross the rapid Stream.
Bid Rocks, and Caves, and each resounding Shore,
Proclaim your bold Defiance; loudly raise 390
Each cheering Voice, 'till distant Hills repeat
The Triumphs of the Vale. On the soft Sand
See there his Seal impress'd! and on that Bank
Behold the glitt'ring Spoils, half-eaten Fish,
Scales, Fins, and Bones, the Leavings of his Feast.
Ah! on that yielding Sag-bed, see, once more
His Seal I view. O'er yon dank rushy Marsh
The fly Goose-footed Proler bends his Course,
And seeks the distant Shallows. Huntsman, bring
Thy eager Pack; and trail him to his Couch. 400
Hark! the loud Peal begins, the clam'rous Joy,
The gallant Chiding, loads the trembling Air.

YE *Naiads* fair, who o'er these Floods preside,
 Raise up your dripping Heads above the Wave,
 And hear our Melody. Th'harmonious Notes 405
 Float with the Stream; and ev'ry winding Creek
 And hollow Rock, that o'er the dimpling Flood
 Nods pendant; still improve from Shore to Shore
 Our sweet reiterated Joys. What Shouts!
 What Clamour loud! What gay heart-chearing
 Sounds 410
 Urge thro' the breathing Brass their mazy Way!
 Not *Quires* of Tritons glad with sprightlier Strains
 The dancing Billows; when proud *Neptune* rides
 In Triumph o'er the Deep. How greedily
 They snuff the fishy Steam, that to each Blade 415
 Rank-scenting clings! See! how the Morning Dews
 They sweep, that from their Feet besprinkling drop
 Dispers'd, and leave a Track oblique behind.

Now on firm Land they range; then in the Flood
They plunge tumultuous; or thro' reedy Pools 420
Rustling they work their Way: no Holt escapes
Their curious Search. With quick Sensation now
The fuming Vapour stings; flutter their Hearts,
And Joy redoubled bursts from ev'ry Mouth,
In louder Symphonies. Yon hollow Trunk, 425
That with its hoary Head incurv'd, salutes
The passing Wave; must be the Tyrant's Fort,
And dread abode. How these impatient climb,
While others at the Root incessant Bay:
They put him down. See, there he dives along! 430
Th' ascending Bubbles mark his gloomy Way.
Quick fix the Nets, and cut off his Retreat
Into the shelt'ring Deeps. Ah, there he vents!
The Pack plunge headlong, and protended Spears
Menace Destruction. While the troubled Surge 435
Indignant foams, and all the scaly Kind

Affrighted,

Affrighted, hide their Heads. Wild Tumult reigns,
And loud Uproar. Ah, there once more he vents!
See, that bold Hound has seiz'd him; down they
sink,

Together lost: But soon shall he repent 440

His rash Assault. See, there escap'd, he flies
Half drown'd, and clambers up the slipp'ry Bank
With Ouze and Blood distain'd. Of all the Brutes,
Whether by Nature form'd, or by long Use,

This artful Diver best can bear the Want 445

Of vital Air. Unequal is the Fight,
Beneath the whelming Element. Yet there

He lives not long; but Respiration needs

At proper Intervals. Again he vents;

Again the Crowd attack. That Spear has pierc'd 450

His Neck; the crimson Waves confess the Wound.

Fix'd is the bearded Lance, unwelcome Guest,

Where-e'er he flies; with him it sinks beneath,

K

With

With him it mounts; sure Guide to ev'ry Foe.

Inly he groans, nor can his tender Wound 455

Bear the cold Stream. Lo! to yon sedgy Bank

He creeps disconsolate; his num'rous Foes

Surround him, Hounds, and Men. Pierc'd thro'
and thro',

On pointed Spears they lift him high in Air;

Wriggling he hangs, and grins, and bites in vain:

Bid the loud Horns, in gayly-warbling Strains,

Proclaim the Felon's Fate; he dies, he dies.

REJOICE, ye scaly Tribes, and leaping dance
Above the Wave, in Sign of Liberty

Restor'd; the cruel Tyrant is no more. 465

Rejoice secure and blest'd; did not as yet

Remain, some of your own rapacious Kind;

And Man, fierce Man, with all his various Wiles.

O Hap-

455

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465

iles.

Hap-

O Happy! if ye knew your happy State,
 Ye Rangers of the Fields; whom Nature boon 470
 Cheers with her Smiles, and ev'ry Element
 Conspires to bless. What, if no Heroes frown
 From marble Pedestals; nor *Raphael's* Works,
 Nor *Titian's* lively Tints, adorn our Walls?
 Yet these the meanest of us may behold; 475
 And at another's Cost may feast at Will
 Our wond'ring Eyes; what can the Owner more?
 But vain, alas! is Wealth, not grac'd with Pow'r.
 The flow'ry Landskip, and the gilded Dome,
 And Vistas op'ning to the wearied Eye, 480
 Thro' all his wide Domain; the planted Grove,
 The shrubby Wilderness, with its gay Choir
 Of warbling Birds, can't lull to soft Repose
 Th'ambitious Wretch, whose discontented Soul
 Harrow'd Day and Night; he mourns, he pines,

Until his Prince's Favour makes him great.

See there he comes, th'exalted Idol comes!

The Circle's form'd, and all his fawning Slaves

Devoutly bow to Earth; from ev'ry Mouth

The nauseous Flatt'ry flows, which he returns 490

With Promises, that die as soon as born.

Vile Intercourse! where Virtue has no Place.

Frown but the Monarch; all his Glories fade;

He mingles with the Throng, outcast, undone,

The Pageant of a Day; without one Friend 495

To soothe his tortur'd Mind; all, all are fled.

For tho' they bask'd in his meridian Ray,

The Infects vanish, as his Beams decline.

Not such our Friends; for here no dark Design,

No wicked Int'rest bribes the venal Heart; 500

But Inclination to our Bosom leads,

And

And weds them there for Life; our social Cups
Smile, as we smile; open, and unreserv'd.

We speak our inmost Souls; good Humour, Mirth,
Soft Complaisance, and Wit from Malice free, 505
Smooth ev'ry Brow, and glow on ev'ry Cheek.

O Happiness sincere! what Wretch wou'd groan
Beneath the galling Load of Pow'r, or walk
Upon the flipp'ry Pavements of the Great,
Who thus cou'd reign, unenvy'd and secure? 510

YE guardian Pow'rs who make Mankind your Care,
Give me to know wise Nature's hidden Depths,
Trace each mysterious Cause, with Judgment read
Th' expanded Volume, and submit adore
That great creative Will, who at a Word 515
Spoke forth the wond'rous Scene. But if my Soul
To

To this grofs Clay confin'd, flutters on Earth
With lefs ambitious Wing; unskill'd to range
From Orb to Orb, where *Newton* leads the Way;
And view with piercing Eyes, the grand Machine,
Worlds above Worlds; fubfervient to his Voice,
Who veil'd in clouded Majesty, alone
Gives Light to all; bids the great Syftem move,
And changeful Seasons in their Turns advance,
Unmov'd, unchang'd, himfelf. Yet this at leaft 525
Grant me propitious, an inglorious Life,
Calm and ferene, nor loft in falfe Purfuits
Of Wealth or Honours; but enough to raife
My drooping Friends, preventing modeft Want,
That dares not afk. And if to crown my Joys, 530
Ye grant me Health, that, ruddy in my Cheeks,
Blooms in my Life's Decline; Fields, Woods, and
Streams,

Each

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Each tow'ring Hill, each humble Vale below,
Shall hear my chearing Voice, my Hounds shall wake
The lazy Morn, and glad th' Horizon round. 535

FINIS.

ERRATA.

Page 32. Line 3. *for* HAIR, *read* HAIL.

THE CHURCH

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